THE

ALDINE POETS

WYATT

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THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT

LONDON
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present edition of "The Poetical Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt," although mainly a reprint of the preceding one published in the Aldine Series, has been carefully collated with the text of the earlier editions; and, to render it more acceptable to the general reader, numerous explanatory notes have been added of words and phrases now considered obsolete.

In the Memoir of Sir Thomas Wyatt will be found many additional particulars unnoticed by his previous biographers. For the recovery of Bishop Bonner's lost letter to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the reader is indebted to the indefatigable researches of John Bruce, Esq. who, with his ready and uniform courtesy, has permitted it to be incorporated in this life of the poet.

MEMOIR OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

SIR THOMAS WYATT, the contemporary and friend of the gallant Earl of Surrey, was descended from a family of some antiquity, settled for several generations at South Haigh, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where they attained to considerable importance as early as the reign of Edward the Third. Here they resided for several generations until the time of Henry the Seventh, at which period there appears to have been a general migration southwards; for in the early part of the sixteenth century they were already established in the counties of Essex, Kent, and Sussex.

Sir Henry Wyatt, the father of the poet, was the first of them who purchased the castle and estate of Allington, near Maidstone, in Kent, which became his principal residence. He was a Privy Councillor to Henry the Seventh, whose favour he gained in consequence of his adherence to the House of Tudor during the reign of Richard the Third, by which monarch he was imprisoned in the

Tower ;[1] and, unless his son was misinformed, he was racked in the usurper's presence.[2] As one of the king's executors he was brought conspicuously to the notice of his successor, Henry VIII, at whose coronation he was made a Knight of the Bath, and at the battle of Spurs his valour was rewarded by the honour of Knight Banneret: in 1525 he was appointed Treasurer of the King's Chamber, and filled many other important offices. He obtained a grant of part of the estates of Sir Richard Empson, the first that were forfeited to the crown in the reign of Henry VIII. He died at Allington Castle, in 1538, at the age of seventy-eight. By his wife Anne, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, in Surrey, Sir Henry left three children, Thomas, the poet; Henry, who lived in a private manner in Kent; and Margaret, the wife of Sir Anthony Lee. The old coat of arms of the Wyatt family was—Or, on a fess gules between three boars' heads, couped sable, langued gules, three mullets of the field. Sir Henry Wyatt adopted for his coat—Per fess azure and gules, a barnacle, or snaffle, argent, which the family afterwards bore, sometimes in conjunction with the old coat, and more often alone.

Thomas Wyatt, the poet, was born at Allington

[1] A traditional story is told, supported by several concurrent circumstances, that whilst in the Tower a cat brought him a pigeon every day from a neighbouring dovecot, which supply saved him from starvation. At the Mote, near Maidstone, the Earl of Romney has a charming portrait of Sir Henry Wyatt in prison, with the cat that fed him there.

[2] See Sir Thomas Wyatt's letter to his son.

Castle, in 1503. In 1515, at twelve years of age, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1518, and in 1522 his master's degree. Probably, soon after quitting Cambridge, he passed a short time in Paris, in conformity with the custom of the age. About 1520 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham, and was introduced at Court under the auspices of a father who obtained for him appointments suited to his age. In person he was remarkable for fine features, a penetrating eye, and a mouth of singular sweetness. He was dexterous in the use of arms; sung and played well on the lute; and spoke French, Italian, and Spanish with fluency. It appears, from Hall's account of a feat of arms performed before the king at Greenwich, at Christmas, 1525, that he was one of the fourteen challengers on that occasion.

It is stated by Anthony Wood that Wyatt visited Italy; but this has been doubted by Dr. Nott. Mr. Wiffen, in his *Memoirs of the House of Russell*, has shown clearly enough that a Wyatt, who was probably the future Sir Thomas, really visited Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. That this Wyatt was the poet is now settled beyond dispute by the industry and research of Mr. John Bruce, who obtained access to the Wyatt family papers in the possession of the Rev. Bradford D. Hawkins.[1] Upon the authority of Edward, the

[1] Mr. Bruce's two papers on the Wyatt family in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of June and September, 1850, are a valuable addition to the stores of our historical literature.

third Earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Wyatt's grandson tells us the origin of his ancestor's Italian mission. His account is as follows:—

"Sir John Russell, after Lord Privy Seal, having his *dépêche* of ambassage from Henry VIII. to the Pope, in his journey on the Thames encountered Sir Thomas Wyatt, and after salutations was demanded of him whither he went, and had answer, 'To Italy, sent by the King.' 'And I,' said Sir Thomas, 'will, if you please, ask leave, get money, and go with you.' 'No man more welcome,' answered the ambassador. So this accordingly done they passed in post together."

This must have been, according to Mr. Bruce, in January 1526-7, when Wyatt, then in the twenty-third year of his age, was the ornament of the court for personal beauty and mental endowments.

At Rome they were received with all those distinguished marks of honour which belonged to ambassadors from the English monarch. When within twelve miles of Rome, a Turkish horse, which the Pope was accustomed to ride, was sent for the special use of Sir John Russell, another for Wyatt, and others for the ambassador's suite. Amongst other acts of courtesy one is too curious to pass unnoticed. A messenger arrived, accompanied by two of the chief beauties of the imperial court, and as he introduced the fair ladies, adroitly whispered in the ears of the travellers, "a plenary dispensation!" The travellers, however, met this courtesy by calling for wine, and after some innocent mirth and a compliment in crowns,

the ladies and their attendants were dismissed together :—

"This fashion," says Wyatt's grandson, "was taken as a tast [test] how they came furnished with crowns for *dépêche* of that they came for. But Sir Thomas took it withal to be an Italian scorn and kind of prognostick of the event of their success. So far Edward late Earl of Bedford, of worthy memory, recounted to me of the frank love and friendship that was between his father [grandfather?] and my grandfather, in those days being in the king's service together, he ending his relation here by occasion of his being called to council. That which followed I after received of two ; one a gentleman, a follower then of Sir Thomas, another a kinsman of his name, some yet of good place living that heard it reported from their own mouths thus :

"'After much delays and expense of moneys in the court of Rome, the ambassador urging earnestly his *dépêche*, on letter from the king, he finally received answer of evil satisfaction, according to the expectation of the former prognostick, which signified to the king, he was suddenly called home by new letters. And on his return, in a certain place changing horses, Sir Thomas in his chamber on the wall drew a maze, and in it a minotaur with a triple crown on his head, both as it were falling, and a bottom of thread with certain guives and broken chains there lying by, and over this word—

'Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.'[1]

"This was but finished when the ambassador remounted with Sir Thomas ; he, in the way, told him what he had left behind him in return of the scorn

[1] "The snare is broken, and we are delivered."—Psalm cxxiv. 6.

used to them at their arrival to Rome, and in disdain of the want of success of the king's affairs there. At it my lord laughed heartily, specially (you may suppose) after he heard his holiness and all his college of cardinals wisdoms were troubled to scan upon a draft of the emprese sent to Rome by some that advertised of the author of it. But much the king is said to have taken pleasure to hear the discourse of it at my lord's return, and it was thought an occasion to the king of his employing Sir Thomas the more in his services of importance and trust ever after.' "

Mr. Wiffen also discovered in the Cotton MS. (Vitellius, B. ix. fol. 85) another transaction relating to Wyatt, namely, that, in the course of a journey from Venice to Rome, he was seized and detained as a prisoner by the Imperialist forces under Bourbon. A correspondence ensued between the English Ambassador, the Papal Court, and the captors. A ransom of 3,000 ducats was demanded. In the meantime Wyatt remained a prisoner; but, before the diplomatists had come to an arrangement, he saved them all further trouble by effecting his escape, and suddenly making his appearance at Bologna.

On Wyatt's return to England he attached himself to the Court, and was taken into Royal favour. It was about the year 1529 that Anne Boleyn also became connected with the Court as Maid of Honour to Queen Katharine. She may have been already personally acquainted with Wyatt, for when the Boleyns removed to Hever Castle the Wyatts were their neighbours at Allington, in the same county. It appears that the

charms and accomplishments of "this noble *imp*," the fair Boleyn, became the admiration of the gallant and poetical Wyatt. A similarity of taste may very naturally have rendered his society agreeable to the future Queen. The same reasons which refute the opinion that the Earl of Surrey was seriously attached to Geraldine apply to Wyatt's poetical passion for Anne Boleyn. Her rank, which was superior to that of Wyatt, if not her virtues, makes it impossible to believe that he contemplated an illicit connection; and his own marriage proves that he could not have sought her hand. For the information we possess of the poet's platonic affection we are indebted to his grandson, George Wyatt.[1] He tells us that—

"Amongst those who were esteemed to honour Anne Boleyn two were observed to be of principal mark. The one was Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, the other was the King himself. The knight in the beginning coming to behold the sudden appearance of this new beauty, came to be holden and surprised somewhat with the sight thereof, after much more with her witty and graceful speech, his ear also had him chained unto her, so as finally his heart seemed to say, 'I could gladly yield to be tied for ever with the knot of her love,' as somewhere in his verses hath been thought his meaning was to express.[2] She, on the other part, finding him to be then married, and

[1] "Extracts from the Life of the Virtuous, Christian, and Renowned Queen Anne Boleigne. By George Wyatt, Esq." 4to. 1817, p. 4, etc.

[2] It is thought that the allusion is here to Wyatt's verses (page 164) entitled: "A Description of such a one as he would love"—

"A face that should content me wondrous well."

in the knot to have been tied then ten years, rejected all his speech of love, but yet in such sort as whatsoever tended to regard of her honour she showed not to scorn, for the general favour and goodwill she perceived all men to bear him, which might the rather occasion others to turn their looks to that which a man of his worth was brought to gaze at in her, as indeed after it happened. The King is held to have taken his first apprehension of this love after such time as upon the doubt in those treaties of marriage with his daughter Mary, first with the Spaniard, then with the French, by some of the learned of his own land he had vehemently in their public sermons, and in his confessions to his ghostly fathers, been prayed to forsake that his incestuous life by accompanying with his brother's wife; and especially after he was moved by the Cardinal [Wolsey], then in his greatest trust with the King, both for the better quietness of his conscience, and for more sure settling of the succession to more prosperous issue.

"About this time, it is said that the knight (Sir Thomas Wyatt) entertaining talk with her as she was earnest at work, in sporting-wise caught from her a certain small jewel hanging by a lace out of her pocket, or otherwise loose, which he thrust into his bosom, neither with any earnest request could she obtain it of him again. He kept it therefore, and wore it about his neck under his cassock, promising to himself either to have it with her favour, or as an occasion to have talk with her, wherein he had singular delight, and she after seemed not to make much reckoning of it, either the thing not being much worth, or not worth much striving for.

"The noble prince, having a watchful eye upon the knight, noted him more to hover about the

lady, and she the more to keep aloof of him, was whetted the more to discover to her his affection, so as rather he liked first to try of what temper the regard of her honour was, which he finding not any way to be tainted with those things his kingly majesty and means could bring to the battery, he in the end fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in this talk took from her a ring, and that wore upon his little finger; and yet all this with such secresy was carried on, and on her part so wisely, as none or very few esteemed this other than an ordinary course of dalliance. Within few days after, it happened that the King, sporting himself at bowls, had in his company (as it falls out) divers noblemen and other courtiers of account, amongst whom the Duke of Suffolk, Sir F. Brian, and Sir T. Wiat, himself being more than ordinarily pleasantly disposed, and in his game taking an occasion to affirm a cast to be his that plainly appeared to be otherwise, those on the other side said, with his grace's leave, they thought not, and yet, still he pointing with his finger whereon he wore her ring, replied often it was his, and specially to the knight he said, 'Wiat, I tell thee it is mine,' smiling upon him withal. Sir Thomas, at the length, casting his eye upon the King's finger, perceived that the King meant the lady whose ring that was, which he well knew, and pausing a little, and finding the King bent to pleasure, after the words repeated again by the King, the knight replied, 'And if it may like your Majesty to give me leave to measure it, I hope it will be mine;' and withal took from his neck the lace whereat hung the tablet, and therewith stooped to measure the cast, which the King espying, knew, and had seen her wear, and therewithal spurned away the bowl, and said, 'It may be so, but then am

I deceived,' and so broke up the game. This thing thus carried was not perceived for all this of many, but of some few it was. Now the King, resorting to his chamber, showing some discontentment in his countenance, found means to break this matter to the lady, who, with good and evident proof how the knight came by the jewel, satisfied the King so effectually, that this more confirmed the King's opinion of her truth than himself at the first could have expected."

It was one of the follies, we may say one of the faults, of that age to admit of platonic attachments, a fault growing out of the old-established system of chivalry, which encouraged attachments of that sort. "Thus circumstanced," remarks Dr. Nott, "we may believe Wyatt and Anne Boleyn to have mutually regarded each other with the lively tenderness of an innocent, but a dangerous friendship. Often probably did Wyatt make her the subject of his most impassioned strains; and often did she listen with complacency to his numbers, which, while they gratified her love of present admiration, promised to confer upon her charms some portion of that poetic immortality which the romantic passion of Petrarch had bestowed on Laura."

Those who believe in an attachment, whether platonic or otherwise, between Wyatt and the fair maid of honour, trace an alteration in his poetry to the effect which her fate produced on his mind. It is easy to support a favorite theory, and the task is an ungracious one to destroy those tales which impart a romantic interest to eminent personages; but there is no proof whatever of the period when

the alteration in his pieces took place, or to show that it did not arise from those great sedatives to a poetical or amorous imagination—years and experience.

If, as has been conjectured, the two lines,

> "And now the coals I follow that be quent,
> From Dover to Calais with willing mind,"[1]

mean that he formed one of Anne's retinue when, as Marchioness of Pembroke, she accompanied Henry to Calais in October, 1532, it is singular that his name should not occur among the many persons who are noticed in the account of the expenses of that voyage.

On Whit-Sunday, June 1, 1533, Wyatt was present at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn at Westminster Hall, when he officiated for his father as chief ewerer, and claimed the office of pouring scented water on the Queen's hands, whilst his friend Surrey bore one of the swords carried in the procession. Within three years (on May 2, 1536) this unfortunate Queen was suddenly sent to the Tower, her marriage with the king being set aside on the allegation of a pre-contract with Lord Henry Percy; and she was executed within the Tower on the nineteenth of the same month.

Towards the end of the year 1535, or early in the following, Wyatt fell under Henry's displeasure, and was committed to the Tower; but the precise nature of his offence has not as yet been ascertained, and all which is known about it is that it arose from a personal quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk.

[1] See p. 171.

From a letter by the family chronicler, quoted by Mr. Bruce, it appears that the unwelcome tidings that his son was "clapped up in the Tower," were conveyed to Sir Henry Wyatt, who was then an aged man and living in retirement at Allington, in the dead of the night.

"A messenger awaked him with the news . . . Yet was not the old knight, though a most loving and careful father for his only [?] son, terrified with it, but having read the letter gave only this answer: 'If he be a true man, as I trust he is, his truth will him deliver; it is no guile,' and with this word fell asleep again very soundly until his accustomed hour, and then with all diligence, he did that by letters to the court he thought best, and which he found sufficient in the end. In the meantime not further troubling himself, as the manner of heartless and unprepared man is, to no purpose."[1]

Of the letters which Sir Henry Wyatt wrote to the Court about this imprisonment of his son, two have been discovered in the State Paper Office by Mr. Bruce. The first of them, written during his son's imprisonment, and addressed to Cromwell, then the king's secretary, runs as follows:—

"Most singular good Master, I have received your letters this 10th day of May to my great comfort, and most humbly I thank your Mastership for the pain that you have taken to write unto me the comfortable articles of your letter, as well touching my son Thomas as to me, which letters and pain that you have taken I nor my said son ought never to forget.

[1] "Gentleman's Magazine," Sept. 1850, p. 239.

It may please God that we may deserve that with our service. And whensoever it shall be the king's pleasure with your help to deliver him, that ye will show him that this punishment that he hath for this matter is more for the displeasure that he hath done to God otherwise, wherein I beseech you to advertise him to fly vice and serve God better than he hath done. And thus, as I am most bounden, I shall pray to God for the preservation of your Mastership long to continue.

"From Allington, this 11th day of May,

"By your assured servant,

"Henry Wyatt.

(Addressed) "To the Right Honourable, and my singular good Master, Master Secretary."[1]

From the tone of this letter, as well as of that which follows, it may be inferred that the accusation against Thomas Wyatt was not of a very serious kind. They seem to point rather to some wild or heedless frolic than to any very grave offence. The following letter, by Sir Henry Wyatt, was written after his son had been liberated from the Tower, and had probably returned to his parental roof at Allington:—

"Mine own good Master Secretary. In my most hearty manner I recommend me unto you, certifying you that upon the receipt of your letters declaring unto me the king's pleasure, after I had considered to my great comfort with myself the king's great goodness toward my son, with his so favourable warnings to address him better than his wit can con-

[1] "Cromwell Correspondence," S. P. O. vol. xlviii. No. 382.

sider, I strait called unto me my said son, and, as I have done oft, not only commanded him his obedience in all points to the king's pleasure, but also the leaving of such slanderous fashion as hath engendered unto him both the displeasure of God and his master, and as I suppose I found it not now to do in him, but already done. And further, on my blessing, I have charged him not only to follow your commandments from time to time, but also in every point to take and repute you as me, and if, whilst he liveth, he have not this for sure printed in his heart, that I refuse him to be my son. I beseech you to continue unto him as ye have been, and I misknow him not so much, ye shall not think [yourself] evil employed. And, after I be once again recommended unto you, I pray God send you as well to fare, mine own good Master Secretary, as I would mine own heart, and I shall daily pray for you. At Allington this 14th day of June,

"Your assured friend and servant,

"Henry Wyatt."

(Addressed) "To my singular good Master and friend Master Secretary to the King's grace."[1]

It is evident that Wyatt's confinement was but of short continuance, for soon after his liberation, in September, 1536, he was appointed to a command in the army, with which the Duke of Norfolk was about to subdue a rebellion in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire occasioned by the suppression of the smaller monasteries. The insurgents were, however, dispersed before he joined the Duke. On

[1] "Cromwell Correspondence," S. P. O. vol. xlviii. No. 382.

Easter Day, 16th April, 1536,[1] he received the honour of knighthood, and about the same time nominated High Sheriff of Kent, an office which he says was indicative of the king's special confidence.[2]

In 1537, Wyatt was appointed Henry's ambassador to the Emperor Charles V. The purport of his mission, which is fully explained in his Instructions, was to remove the animosity the Emperor had entertained against Henry in consequence of his having divorced Katharine of Arragon, and to prevent his annoying him with the claims of the Princess Mary.[3] The following letter exhibits him just appointed to his embassy, and was written after he had travelled on horseback in twelve hours from London to Hythe, where he embarked for the Continent:—

"Please your good Lordship, after I took my leave of you it was 12 of the clock afore I was despatched from the King's highness. And, although I made such diligence that I was at the sea side by midnight, yet it helped me not, the wind being so great, and so it hath continued all this day till now late in the night, so much that no mariner would adventure to go aboard, as this bearer can inform you. To-morrow early I shall embark; this bearer shall see me aboard, and of the rest of my diligence shall be no lack. I humbly recommend unto you my matter of

[1] "Sir Thomas Wyatt, dubbed on Easterday anno 28, the 18 [28] day of March, 1536."—Cotton MS. Claudius, C. iii. There is clearly some discrepancy in this entry.

[2] See his defence appended to this Memoir.

[3] These Instructions and the other State Papers relating to Wyatt's embassies are printed by Dr. Nott.

Mallyng, in which I found at the King's hands so good inclination that I am glad of the hope that I have, which is, that it is in your hands. And in the account that I wrote in your Lordship's book of value, I have misreckoned, for it is not out of hand unto me worth xl.li by year, as my servant Multon shall inform you, and this bearer also, who I beseech your Lordship, may, among your great travails, sometime importune you in the remembrance of the matter. Michaelmas is near at hand, and that that then should be received might help something my payment. I have nothing else to write unto your Lordship, but as occasion shall arise ye shall not want the trouble of my letters, as our Lord knoweth, who send you the accomplishment of your most gentle desires. At Hythe, the Friday after Corpus Christi [June 1, 1537].

"Yours always most bounden,

"Thomas Wyatt."

Wyatt's despatches whilst on this mission are not preserved; but from the letters which were addressed to him by Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, it appears that his conduct gave great satisfaction to his sovereign.[1] Those letters refer chiefly to official business connected with his embassy, but a few passages relating to Wyatt personally may be selected from them. On the 8th July, 1537, Cromwell told him:—

"For all the haste I would not omit to advertise you, that some, your servants here, be called and

[1] The first of these letters, all of which are printed by Nott, is dated 29th June, 1537. As it was addressed to "Sir Thomas Wyat, Knight," it may be inferred that he was knighted immediately before he left England.

named common stealers of the King's hawks. I would ye should give them warning that they shall leave such pranks, and that ye will be no maintainer of such unlawful fellows of light disposition; and write unto them earnestly."

On the 10th of October he was informed by Cromwell:

"And as for your diet and post-money, I shall see you shall have them paid according to your warrant: and in the rest of your affairs I shall be such a friend unto you, if need require, as your enemies, if you have any, shall win little at your hands in your absence. Your brother Anthony,[1] he hath been in the porter's lodge for consenting to the stealing of certain of the King's hawks: and your sister suing for his deliverance, hath been here with me at Mortlake; they be both merry, and the King's Highness is now again good Lord unto him."

Either from habitual negligence, or from being suddenly sent on his embassy, Wyatt left his private affairs in considerable disorder; and Cromwell thus alluded to the circumstance:

"For your part I would have you in no wise to desire any such matter;[2] it would be taken in evil part, and yet you shall never therein obtain your purpose. Mistrust not but you shall have as much favour as I may extend unto you. And indeed you had need of friendship; for I have not seen a wise man leave his things so rawly, as yours be left."

A passage in Cromwell's letter of the 8th April,

[1] Apparently Sir Anthony Lee, his brother-*in-law*, the husband of his sister Margaret.

[2] Charging the King interest on his allowance.

1538, announcing an increase to his allowance, tends to shew that his friends were not very zealous in promoting his interests:

"Your agents here, if you have any, be very slack to call upon any man for you. Your brother Hawte[1] was not thrice here since you went; and the rest I hear nothing of, unless it be when nothing is to be done. I never saw man that had so many friends here, leave so few perfect friends behind him. Quicken them with your letters; and in the mean season as I have been, so shall I be both your friend and your solicitor."

Dr. Nott says, Wyatt went to England early in the spring of 1538, at the request of the Emperor, to communicate his sentiments more fully to Henry, than he could do by writing, and that he returned to Spain before the end of March. This may be true; but as the endorsements of Lord Cromwell's letters prove that he was at Barcelona in January and March, and as no allusion to the circumstance occurs in the correspondence, it is very doubtful.

Sir Thomas continued accredited to the Emperor for some months; and in May, 1538, Bonner, afterwards Bishop of London, and Dr. Haynes were joined with him in his mission; but their arrival tended rather to embarrass than promote the King's affairs. The Emperor and the King of France had an interview with the Pope at Nice,

[1] Sir Thomas Wyatt's son married Jane, daughter and coheiress of Sir William Hawte, who was the individual alluded to, it being then common to apply the word "brother" or "sister" to persons whose children had married.

early in June, 1538, to which place Sir Thomas also proceeded. At the desire of the Emperor he set off post for England to obtain Henry's instructions, upon some important point, but being delayed on his arrival, he could not return to Nice within the fifteen days prescribed by the Emperor, whom he followed to Marseilles, and thence to Barcelona, where he was rejoined by his colleagues Bonner and Haynes. As he is styled for the first time "Gentleman of the King's Chamber," in May, 1538, it may be inferred that he was not appointed to the office until about that time.[1] There is so much of personal matter in a letter from him to Lord Cromwell, written at Toledo in January, 1539, that it will be inserted at length:

"Please it your lordship for this time to accept short letters, remitting the same to the letters of the King more largely written. I thank your Lordship for the giving order for my money which I lent Mr. Bryan.[2] If the King's honour, more than his credit, had not been before mine eyes, he should have piped in an ivy leaf for aught of me. I report me to Mr. Thirlby, Loveday, and Sherington. I humbly thank you also for your advices of news. By our Lord it is a notable grace that the King hath ever had, the

[1] From Sir William Cavendish's Book, printed in Part II. of the "Trevelyan Papers," p. 12, it appears that Sir Thomas Wyatt succeeded his father in the office of Treasurer of the King's Chamber.

[2] Lord Cromwell, in a letter dated 28th Nov. 1538, informed him that "Concerning the two hundred pounds, which ye lent to Sir Francis Brian, whosoever owed them I have disbursed them, and paid to Mr. Bonvixi. Other men make in manner of their debts mine own; for very oft where they have borrowed I am fained to pay."

discovery of conspiration against him. I cannot tell, but that God claimeth to be principal, whether he cause more to allow his fortune, or his minister's. I would I could persuade these preachers as well to preach his grave proceeding against the Sacramentaries and Anabaptists (as your Lordship writeth) as they do the burning of the Bishop's bones. But of that, nor of other news, on my faith, I have no letters from no man but from you.

"I cannot tell whether it be that men are more scrupulous in writing than negligent to do their friends pleasure. Here are already news of the condemnation of the Marquis of Montagu, of his brother, of Sir Edward Nevill, and of three servants; but of the particularities I hear nothing. I have had it told me by some here of reputation, that peradventure I was had in suspect both with the King and you, as they said it was told them; but like as I take it light, so I ascribe it to such invention as some of my good friends would be glad to have it.

"I shall not let for all that to solicit at your Lordship's hands my coming home, and there let me, reddere rationem. But out of game, I beseech your Lordship humbly to help me. I need no long persuasions. You know what case I am in. I have written this unto you. I am at the wall; I am not able to endure to march, and the rest shall all be the King's dishonour and my shame; besides the going to nought of all my particular things. Have some consideration between them that feign excuses for such with —— and him that endeth frankly his service to his Majesty. I can no more but remit me wholly to your Lordship; and if it be not sufficient that ye know of the strait I am in, inform yourself of Mr. Vane and Mr. Poynings. And thus after my

most humble recommendations, our Lord send you good life and long.

"At Toledo, the 2d of January, [1538–9.] Don Diego told me [he] had obtained license for two genets for you, and that he would deliver them to me to send them. I trust to bring them myself to see them better ordered."

Towards the end of 1538, Wyatt became earnest in his solicitations to be recalled, being impelled by the state of his finances, as his allowance fell very short of his expenses, and still more, by his apprehension that Bonner, with whom he had not lived on cordial terms, and who had preceded him to England, might poison Henry's mind against him. On the 19th of January, 1539, Cromwell informed him that the King insisted upon his remaining until April, and desired him to state what money he required, as he would assist him; but he accompanied this promise with a reproach which shews that in pecuniary affairs Wyatt was generous to a fault:

"I advise you to take patiently your abode there until April, and to send me word what money ye shall need to have sent unto you, for I shall help you. Assuring you that I could not see you that went, and hath abided there honestly furnished, to return home, and at the latter end return needy and disfurnished. I do better tender the King's honour, and do esteem you better than so to suffer you to lack. Advising you, nevertheless, that I think your gentle frank heart doth much impoverish you. When you have money, you are content to depart with it and lend it, as you did lately two hundred ducats to

Mr. Hobby, the which I think had no need of them; for he had large furnishment of money at his departure hence, and likewise at his return. We accustom not to send men disprovided so far. Take heed, therefore, how you depart of such portion as ye need. And foresee rather to be provided yourself, than for the promotion of other to leave yourself naked. Politic charity proceedeth not that way. If you shall advertise me what sums ye shall need, I shall take a way that ye shall be furnished."

At the dissolution of the monasteries, he requested a grant of the Friary of Alresford, which Cromwell obtained for him, and in conveying that intelligence, in February, 1539, he added, "I will be glad in all other things to employ myself to further your reasonable desires." Agreeably to Lord Cromwell's promise, Wyatt was superseded in April, but he did not arrive in England until the end of June, or beginning of July. It would seem from one of Cromwell's letters on the subject of his return that he met with a gratifying reception from the King; and as soon as he was permitted, he hastened to his own home; but he was not long allowed to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life.

Towards the end of the same year, the Emperor proceeded through France into the Low Countries, and as Henry was anxious to watch his conduct, Wyatt was selected for the purpose. He was accordingly reappointed Ambassador to the Emperor, and arrived at Paris in the middle of November. After a short sojourn he proceeded to Blois, where he found the French monarch, of whom he imme-

diately obtained an interview, the particulars of which are described in a long despatch, dated on the 2nd of December, 1539.[1] Sir Thomas quitted Blois the next day, and joined the Emperor at Chateaureault on the 10th. The letters which he wrote to the King, describing what occurred at the various audiences with that monarch, contain nothing which throws any other light on Wyatt's character, than that they establish his claims to sagacity and ability: they are written with great clearness, and are more interesting than most letters of a political nature. From Chateaureault he attended the Emperor to Paris, and thence to Brussels, from which place he wrote Cromwell on the 22nd of January, 1540. From that letter it seems that he was tired of his situation, and had been urgent for his recall: he complained in strong terms of the heavy expenses which he incurred, but added, that he derived consolation from learning that his services were acceptable to the King. He says:

"I am sorry that I have troubled your Lordship with touching my request for my revocation, seeing so small appearance of the attaining the same. I meant not even now in all my last, but that the way might by your Lordship have been framed against the expiration of my four months, to be ended at the 9th or 10th of March, for the which I have received. And here I think it not unmeet to advertise your Lordship what comfort I find at my coming for the disease I have long had. First, my house rent standeth me after the rate little lack of one hundred pounds by

[1] Printed by Dr. Nott, p. 350—355.

the year, without stabling; besides, the least fire I make to warm my shirt by stands me a groat. In my diet money I lose in the value eight shillings and eightpence every day, for that the angel is here but worth six shillings and fourpence; a barrel of beer that in England were worth twenty pence, it costs me here with the excise four shillings; a bushel of oats is worth two shillings; and other things be not unlike the rate. I beseech your Lordship take not this that I am so eager upon the King that I would augment my diet, for it is so honourable it were not honest to desire it, but for because I would another should have it. That your Lordship writeth the King's Highness to take in so good part my doings, I pray God, it may proceed of my merits as well as that doth upon his goodness; for if in the while that I would abide in this place my deeds might deserve anything, would God my revocation and his Grace's continuance of favour that he might be my reward."

In his letter to Cromwell, of the 9th of February, he gave the following account of his pecuniary affairs; and concluded by again pressing, as the greatest possible favour, that he might be recalled:

"I must beseech your Lordship to move unto the King's Highness for me this one suit. Among my many other great debts, I owe his grace five hundred marks for my livery,[1] which I could not get out till my last being in England; and I must pay it by forty pounds yearly. I owe him besides two hundred and fifty marks of old debt, which in all maketh five hundred pounds. If his Grace will so much be my good Lord, as to let me take out all mine obligations and bonds, and take good surety in recognizance for the

[1] Permission to inherit his father's lands.

said five hundred pounds, after fifty pounds a year, truly to be paid, I would trust so a little and a little to creep out of debt, with selling of a little land more. If not, on my faith, I see no remedy. I owe my brother Lee as much, beside other infinite that make me weary to think on them. I have written to Sir Thomas Poynings to know your Lordship's answer in this: and also most humbly to thank you for your goodness toward me, touching that he moved you for me of the Lordship of Ditton, that is, John Lee's. But surely I am not able to buy it, unless the King's great liberality shewed unto me in this case; and yet the thing is so necessary for me, as that lieth in the midst of my land, and within a mile of my house. I remit me wholly to your good Lordship, in whom is mine only trust, next to the King's Majesty. But above any of all these things I recommend unto your Lordship the good remembrance when time shall be of my revocation; and I am always your bond bedesman, as our Lord knoweth, who send you good life and long. At Brussels, this Shrove Tuesday. [1540]."

The Emperor's court having removed to Ghent, Wyatt followed, and was there in March and April, 1540: but the letters which he addressed to Henry, or Lord Cromwell, contain no other allusion to his private concerns than repeated requests to be allowed to return. This was granted him towards the end of April; but the arrival of the Duke of Cleves at Ghent delayed his departure until about the middle of May, when he arrived in England, and was received by Henry with flattering marks of approbation.

Within a few weeks Wyatt's constant friend

Cromwell incurred the King's displeasure, and when his fate seemed no longer doubtful, Sir Thomas anticipated that Bonner, who was then Bishop of London, and his other enemies, would avail themselves of the fall of the favourite, to renew their attempts against him. Nor was he deceived; for in consequence of the Bishop's representations, he was arrested and sent to the Tower, either late in 1540 or early in 1541, on the charges of holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and of having treated the King with disrespect whilst ambassador to the Emperor in 1538 and 1539. Upon the somewhat questionable authority of the beautiful lines which he addressed to Sir Francis Bryan from the Tower,[1] he is supposed to have been treated with extreme rigour whilst in confinement; for the account which he there gives of his sufferings has been taken in the most literal sense, without an allowance being made for the exaggeration which is permitted to a poetical imagination.

The history of this remarkable transaction may be thus stated. On the 2nd of September, 1538, Bonner, being then at Blois, wrote home to Cromwell, at that time the King's chief favourite, a letter of crimination against Wyatt. We are indebted to the researches of Mr. Bruce for the discovery of this singular document, which he found among the Petyt manuscripts in the Inner Temple library; so that we have now, after the lapse of three centuries, the statements of both parties,

[1] See page 174.

the accusation and the defence, brought into juxtaposition.

"Letter from Bishop Bonner to Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

"The copy of my letters sent from Blois by Barnabie,[1] *secundo Septembris*.

"Being sorry, on the one side, that I should mislike anything in such an excellent wit as Mr. Wyatt hath, with singular and many good qualities, and bounden yet, on the other side truly and sincerely to serve my sovereign Lord, and likewise to advertise your honourable good lordship, commanding me so to do, I shall, as the time and lack of leisure will serve, briefly touch diverse things wherein I cannot commend, but mislike the doing of Mr. Wyatt, not doubting but my colleague, Mr. Haynes, hath already at length declared fully and plentifully the same unto your good lordship.

"But this shall I right humbly beseech your good lordship, if ye shall perceive this wit and qualities of Mr. Wyatt may be so purged from faults that they may serve to the honour and profit of the King's highness, this my doing may be taken but for the discharging of my duty and the profit of that gentleman, who surely I do love well for his good qualities, and am sorry that by evil company, and counsel of that unthrifty body Mason,[2] he is thus corrupted. First, it may like your lordship to understand, that in our second audience with the Emperor, where Mr. Haynes and I declared *de potestate pontificis et de concilio*, as heretofore we have written, we misliked Mr.

[1] Probably Barnaby Fitzpatrick.

[2] Afterwards Sir John Mason, privy councillor from Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, and Chancellor of Oxford.

Wyatt, for that not only afore, but also after he discouraged us greatly, saying, 'Ye shall do no good with the Emperor; I know it, and I have told the King myself in my letters that he lanceth the sore before it be ripe;' and over this, when the Emperor in this second audience gave us answer as we in our other letters have written, Mr. Wyatt nothing earnestly stake [stuck] in it, nor desired effectually the Emperor to hear us further, or to commit the matter to other, and they to make relation to his Majesty; but incontinently upon the Emperor's answer, yea, and before the Emperor himself had utterly discouraged us, he said, setting forth old things begun by himself, and passing over ours, 'Sire, albeit here your Majesty giveth us but small hope touching our requests, yet the King's Majesty, having protested immediately not to be at any council indicted by the Bishop of Rome, will repose nevertheless in your Majesty's former promise;' and thus, leaving the Emperor and returning with us, he told us by the way, 'Ye have spun a fair thread. I knew well enough how you should speed;' and he spake the words so as though he rejoiced that we had not sped, lest speeding should have been a dispraise to him, who speaking before therein could not prevail.

"II. I mislike Mr. Wyatt that sending letters to Mr. Mason, which by chance I saw, did out of England write, that he was made a god here with the King and his council, and bade Mason speak boldly, for he was in commission as well as we, and that in his commendations he willed Mason to make them unto us, but not to shew us his letter.

"III. I mislike Mr. Wyatt that at his return out of England, and his arrival at Marseilles, the 13th of July, about noon, he did, as soon as he had dined with us

in the galley, go alone to Grandevile[1] first, and afterwards to the Emperor, neither making us privy what he would say, nor contented to take us with him to hear what should be said, which he might have done well if he truly and plainly intended to proceed. But, doing things after this sort, they may tell after what they list, and so in likewise write and deceive their Master that putteth them in trust. And surely both Mr. Wyatt and Mason were desirous to have had us gone, and that they made our coming not to be by the way of ambassadors, but only to tell the Emperor *de potestate pape et de concilio*, and having his answer, to depart, as Mason himself told me.

"IV. I mislike that Mr. Wyatt, having received letters by Barnaby from the King's highness, a little before our departure from Barcelona, to expostulate with the Emperor for the placing of the King's Highness, and unkind handling of his Grace in this truce lately concluded, and having occasion to do it before our departure, and in our presence, he went alone to Grandevele, and at his return thence, said, he had told him how he had received letters from the King to expostulate with the Emperor, and that Grandevele said, 'What! yet more expostulation?' 'Ye faith,' quoth he, 'for the unkind handling of the King in the treaty of truce.' Whether he said so, yea or nay, I cannot tell, but this he said further to us, and I believe in that he said very truth, 'I have procured with Grandevele that to-morrow, St. James's eve, you shall have audience and liberty to take your leave;' and then he made as though at that time he would go with us himself. But the day following, a little before evensong, Mr. Wyatt came to our lodging and said, that the Emperor had sent for us (mes-

[1] Cardinal Granvelle.

senger other than himself we saw none), and he said withal, that the Emperor would not have him to come as then with us, but would speak with him the next day, and us to come alone, which we did. And the morrow next after (which was St. James's day) Mr. Wyatt himself repaired to the Emperor's lodging, and from thence to Jonkaes, a place of nuns, where the feast and solemnity was kept, talking with the Emperor all the way, and after much merry sort and fashion, that expostulation was turned to oblivion. Barnabie did tell us thereof, and would again tell it if he be required, and Mr. Wyatt himself rejoiced at the same at dinner. And surely that is a great mark that he shooteth at, to please the Emperor and Grandevele, and to be noted to be in the Emperor's favour, whom he magnifieth above all measure. And the not going of Mr. Wyatt with us to take our leave, especially having thereon occasion to expostulate, and the next day his going alone after such joyful manner, engendering in my head, as I told Mr. Haynes, that Mr. Wyatt sincerely proceeded not, but was loath we should either hear or see the manner of his proceeding and doings in that expostulation; for, as I told Mr. Haynes, if Mr. Wyatt intended to proceed after a sincere sort, why would he be loath to have us in company, who might be a good declaration for him if he earnestly did set his Master's commandment forward.

"V. I mislike that Mr. Wyatt, in his communication touching his legation with the Emperor, doth often call to his remembrance his imprisonment in the Tower,[1] which seemeth so to stick in his stomach that he cannot forget it; and his manner of speaking therein is after this sort, 'God's blood! was not that

[1] See ante p. xix.

a pretty sending of me ambassador to the Emperor, first to put me into the Tower, and then forthwith to send me hither? This was the way indeed to get me credit here. By God's precious blood, I had rather the King should set me in Newgate then so do.'

"VI. I mislike that Mr. Wyatt, commoning of his expence, seemeth greatly to charge the King, as who saith he spendeth his goods and sold his land to do his Grace service, not having of the King's Highness to bear it. Where, in very deed, if he were a good husband, the diets of four marks would find his house that he keepeth after a far other sort than it is kept.[1] But the truth is, himself is given all upon pleasure, and spending unthriftly upon nuns there, that all the world knoweth this, and Mason and other of his house spend upon harlots on the other side, so that all will come to nought; his honest servants greatly pitying him, and lamenting to other that all will come to naught.

"VII. I mislike Mr. Wyatt that he hath been and is so earnestly set to advance and bring to pass the Emperor's overtures to the King's Highness of marriage, that because the King's Majesty will not roundly accept them, and out of hand join with the Emperor, semblably as he coveted and travailed in England, putting the Emperor in great expectation and hope thereof, he forbeareth not to make exclamations, and after this sort: 'By God's blood, ye shall see the King our master cast out at the cart's tail, and if he so be served, by God's body he is well served.' And, as far as I remember, Mr. Haynes, Blagge, and Mason, being at the table, the words were also with a more

[1] Wyatt made frequent representations upon this subject to Cromwell; but his details do not savour of the unthrift which Bonner attributes to him. See ante, p. xxxi.

better addition, it is to wit, 'By God's body, I would he might be so served, and then were he well served.' He was so hot herein, and so often spake at the table hereof, the same day as I remember that we come from Barcelone, that, by the charge of my soul, my stomach boiled and I could not keep in, but said, 'No, Sir,' quoth I, 'it were not meet that his Grace should be so served.' 'Not so served,' said Mr. Wyatt, 'why not so served?' 'Marry,' quoth I, 'because the King our master hath heretofore showed so much kindness, both to the Emperor and the French king, that they cannot with their honour cast him out at the cart's tail.' Mr. Wyatt, perceiving that I spake very earnestly, albeit I take it that forasmuch as his labour taketh not the effect he could be content other things should not prove of the best, he began to call himself home, and to speak of another sort, but angry surely he is that his travail bringeth forth no better issue. Mason, sitting as quiet as one at a sermon, taking as I took it, that we two suffered to common together, should have greatly fallen out, which could not have been but to his great comfort. Mr. Haynes also did sit still and said nothing with whom, at after dinner, I commoned at our lodging and said, 'Will ye not see yonder man, how foolishly he speaketh?' 'By my truth,' quoth Mr. Haynes, 'he is a madman using us as he doth, and so foolishly speak afore us.' 'And why did not you,' quoth I, 'somewhat say unto him as I did?' 'Marry,' quoth he, 'to be plain with you, I am loath to enter in contention and brabling, especially at my departing. And surely I would ye had said nothing at all neither.' 'Now, by St. George,' quoth I, 'I could not abide him, and I repent me nothing of that I did, and I promise you methought it was my part to speak as I did, and do at that time as I did.'

" VIII. I mislike Mr. Wyatt in that he suspected himself, in picking a quarrel against Mr. Haynes and me, in that he said, both or one of us, what time Nicholas was despatched afore Aguemortes into England, delivering our letters to Mr. Thirleby, where the thing was other of himself imagined. Finding himself culpable in that, Mr. Wyatt and Mason alone would do all themselves, not making Mr. Haynes and me privy till the very despatch of the courier, other else Mason had forged it. And so was Mr. Wyatt herein persuaded that he wrote thereof to Mr. Thirleby, desiring him to send him word whether I had written and delivered any letters unto him.

" IX. I cannot commend Mr. Wyatt in that in all his facts and doings he useth Mason as a God almighty, who is as glorious and as malicious a harlot[1] as any that I know, and withal as great a papist where he dare utter it.

" X. I cannot commend Mr. Wyatt that at the departing of Mr. Haynes and me he would so strangely do, neither to bring us forth of the town, nor yet lend us of his horses, which to harlots and unthrifts he refuseth not to lend. He knew well we could have no post horses then in Barcelone, because of the Emperor's train departing, and horses that were good for journey men would not let out. And he, regarding neither the King's honour or his honesty or ours, suffered us to ride on such spittel jades as I have not seen.

" To make an end of this man, and to tell your lordship what I do think of him. Witty he is, and pleasant amongst company, contented to make and keep cheer; but that he will either forget his im-

[1] The word " harlot " is here used in the sense of a thriftless person, without reference to sex.

prisonment, or more regard the affairs of the King than his own glory, yea or so to consider the affairs that he would earnestly displease the Emperor or Granvelle, the great papist, hitherto have I nothing seen to make me believe it, and hard I ween it will be to bring such appearance that of reason I ought to believe it. I do show your good lordship but what I think. I pray God that I think wrong of him, so that the King may truly be served by him.

"If your lordship do common with Mr. Haynes, he can tell you, as well touching Mr. Wyatt herein and Mason as also Mr. Bryan, of whom surely I can say nothing, but of the mouth of Germayne, who, coming to Villa Franca, told me that Mr. Bryan had received a letter from the King our master, not making the bishop privy of it. And where he was commanded by the said letter to make an overture to the French king touching money, and that but in case Mr. Bryan, as he reported of him to me, did make the overture *simpliciter*. Your lordship knoweth Mr. Bryan well enough.

"If I hear anything, or may by any means search and try out farther, your lordship shall not doubt but I shall truly and plainly advertise your lordship thereof, though it were against mine own brother, beseeching your lordship to take this my doing in good part, for, as God shall help me, I intend no hurt nor malice to any person.

"And, Sir, I beseech you, because I am desirous to have witness of all my doings, that it may like your good lordship according to your former letters to send my colleague here to be with me. I shall, whomsoever it be, be very glad of him. And yet, if I might with wishing not offend, seeing your lordship in your former letters saith it shall be one of the

privy chamber, I could be content many times to wish that I might have the company of Philip Hoby, sometime servant with your lordship, whose honesty, truth, diligence, and good fashion, I cannot as he doth merit set out in writing. The King's pleasure herein and your lordship's be done, I am at commandment; yet desiring as afore, if it may not offend, and the same to be done shortly. And thus, very weary with writing, I commend me humbly to your good lordship. At Blois, the second of September,

"Your lordship's most bounden,

"Edmond Boner."

After being some time in the Tower, Wyatt was ordered by the Privy Council to state what had occurred during his residence at the Emperor's court, which could possibly give offence. To this command he replied by the letter which will be found at the end of this Memoir; and on being shortly afterwards indicted and brought to trial, he delivered the Defence which has contributed almost as much as his Poems to his celebrity. As it is too long to be introduced into this sketch of his life, it is appended thereto, and cannot fail to be read with interest. After artfully working upon the feelings of the jury, by urging the injury he sustained in not being allowed counsel, he proceeded to refute Bonner's charges, and then retorted upon his accuser in a strain of satire that places his talents in the most favourable point of view. His Defence produced his acquittal, and as early as July in the same year, the King granted him some lands at Lambeth, as if to mark his conviction of his innocence. Henry followed up

this act of favour in the next year, by appointing him High Steward of the Manor of Maidstone, and giving him estates in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, in exchange for other of less value in Kent.[1]

It was evidently to the narrow escape which Wyatt experienced on this occasion that his friend, the Earl of Surrey, alludes in one of his poems on Sir Thomas's death, in which he ascribes the malignity his enemies exhibited, to their being envious of his merits:—

"Some, that in presence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swoln.

. . . . . .

"Some, that watched with the murderer's knife,
With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
With envious tears to hear thy fame so good."

"But I," the Earl adds,

". . . . knew what harbour'd in that head;
What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast."[2]

Wyatt retired to his seat at Allington soon after this affair, and there can be little doubt that it was at this time he wrote the Satires, addressed to his friend, John Pointz, in which he draws so pleasing a picture of the advantages of retirement over the dangers of a public life. Many lines of

[1] On March 31, 1542, the site of the manor and advowson, five hundred acres of land, woods called Highwood and Ashley, ninety-five acres in the parish of Tarent Kainston, Dorsetshire, parcel of Tarent Abbey, were granted, *inter alia*, to Thomas Wyatt, for lands in Kent in reversion.—Hutchins's *Dorsetshire*, i. 189.

[2] Surrey's Poems, page 59.

those pieces may be received as a faithful description of his own feelings; and he points out the security and happiness of his home with similar sensations to those of the mariner, who finds himself safely anchored in his destined port, after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage. In this production he confesses that his love of fame had seduced him from a more philosophic estimate of life,—

> "I grant, sometime of Glory that the fire
> Doth touch my heart."

He then mentions the various base qualifications necessary for a courtier, and admits his deficiency therein:—

> "My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to feign,
> To cloak the truth, for praise without desert
> Of them that list all vice for to retain.
> I cannot honour them that set their part
> With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;
> Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
> I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong;
> To worship them like God on earth alone,
> That are as wolves these sely lambs among.
> I cannot with my words complain and moan,
> And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:
> Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
> I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
> Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
> Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.
> I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer."

After proceeding in a similar strain for some time, he thus concludes:—

> "This is the cause that I could never yet
> Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,
> A chip of chance more than a pound of wit:
> This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk;

And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk:
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:
In lusty leas at liberty I walk;
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe:"

. . . . . .

"Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason; of some
A common practice, used night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme;
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time."

In this peaceable and happy manner Wyatt passed the winter of 1541, and the spring and summer of 1542; and during this period he composed the Seven Penitential Psalms, an employment indicative of the serious nature of his thoughts, rather than, as Dr. Nott has imagined, of remorse or even regret for his previous career. Part of his leisure was also given to the care and education of his nephew, Henry Lee; and he bestowed much of his time in improving his mansion and estate of Allington. Leland says, that about this period Sir Thomas commanded one of the ships of Henry's navy, but the statement is not corroborated by any other writer.

On the arrival of ambassadors from the Emperor, in the autumn of 1542, the King commanded Wyatt to meet them at Falmouth, and conduct them to London; but the execution of this mandate cost him his life. The weather was extremely unfavourable for travelling, and having over-heated himself by his journey, he was seized with a fever at Sherborne. Horsey, one of his intimate friends, who lived in the neighbourhood of that town,

hastened to his aid, but his kindness proved unavailing. After lingering a few days under a malignant fever, his constitution gave way, and he expired on the 10th or 11th of October, 1542, in his thirty-ninth year. Horsey performed the last offices of friendship, by closing Wyatt's eyes, and attending his remains to their final resting-place, in the family vault of the Horsey family, in the great church of Sherborne, but no inscription indicates the spot where he was interred.

Numerous were the epitaphs composed on Wyatt's death. The first in point of time was that written by Surrey. Leland soon after published his Nænia; but that by Sir John Mason, one of the most distinguished scholars of his times, contains so many particulars of the poet's life, that we print it *in extenso* with a translation:—

"Thomas Wiatus ordinis equestris nobili et illustri in agro Cantiano ortus familia, omnibus cum animi, tum corporis ac fortunæ, dotibus cumulatissime ornatus: in quo cum rerum usu ac rei militaris peritia, conjunctæ erant facundia, honestissimarum artium scientia, et variarum linguarum literatura: ut idem, (quod paucis contigit) consilio bonus esset, et manu strenuus: post multas graves legationes apud externos principes prudenter et magna cum fide nec minore laude peractas, Montmorantio cognomento a Courriers (qui tum forte legatus in Angliam maritimo itinere ex Hispaniis a Carolo V° Imperatore veniens jam portum Falmuthum tenebat) gratulandi et Londinum deducendi causa obviam missus; dum regii mandati majorem quam salutis suæ rationem haberet, ex immodica per equos dispositos festinatione, et vehementi solis estu, febri ardentissima

correptus, ab ea paucissimis diebus extinctus est, annos natus xxxviii°. regi et regno magnum sui relinquens desiderium, amicis quos habebat plurimos, mœrorem acerbissimum, posteris vero cum ex rebus præclare domi forisque gestis, tum ex iis quæ multa, poetico quodam spiritu, vernacula lingua scripsit, memoriam virtutis ingeniique sempiternam. Obiit Sherborniæ oppido in agro Dorsettensi, ubi et sepultus est anno M.D.XLIIII. Joannes Masonius pro ea quæ cum illo dum viveret intercessit maxima amicitia mœrens ac lugens amico benemerenti pos."

Above the inscription is a death's head, with "Hodie mihi, cras tibi;" *i. e.* "Mine to-day, to-morrow thine."

Translation.

"Sir Thomas Wyatt, sprung from a noble and illustrious family in Kent, amply adorned with every gift both of mind, of body, and of person; in whom, with knowledge of the world and skill in war, were combined eloquence, knowledge of high art, and acquaintance with various tongues: so that (the lot of few) he was both good in council and strenuous in action: after having performed many important embassies to foreign powers with prudence, with great fidelity and no less praise, being sent to Montmorency de Courrières (who as it happened was then at Falmouth, the Emperor Charles V. having sent him from Spain by sea) in order to welcome him, and conduct him to London; having more regard for the royal mandate than for his own health, in consequence of hard riding with relays of horses, and the extreme heat, he was seized with a most violent fever, of which in a very few days he died in the thirty-eighth year of his age, greatly regretted both by his King and countrymen, bitterly bewailed by his many friends,

and bequeathing to posterity an undying memorial both of his virtue and of his talents, as well by illustrious deeds at home and abroad, as by his many writings indited in a poetic spirit though in the vulgar tongue. He died at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, where also he was buried in the year M.D.XLIIII. John Mason, for their intimate friendship while they lived, with grief and sorrow erected [this monument] to his well deserving Friend."

Few men ever possessed a more unblemished reputation, or died more sincerely regretted and esteemed than Sir Thomas Wyatt. His talents and accomplishments, great as they undoubtedly were, yielded even to the higher qualities of frankness, integrity, and honour, in obtaining him the approbation and love of his contemporaries; and to judge from the numerous elegies by which minds of kindred excellence sought to commemorate his worth, Wyatt possessed the advantage of being appreciated by those whose praise is fame. His poems sufficiently attest the variety and scope of his abilities; and, like those of his friend Surrey, they are free from the slightest impurity of thought or expression. He spoke several languages, and was so richly stored with classical literature, that the erudite Camden says he was "splendide doctus." His prose is forcible and clear, and occasionally animated and eloquent. He excelled on the lute, and was eminent for his conversational powers; but all these merits were exceeded by the agreeable qualities of his private character. In person Wyatt was eminently handsome; tall, and of a commanding presence, elegantly formed, and gifted with a countenance of manly beauty.

Dr. Nott has collected many of Wyatt's witticisms, or rather "sayings," which will be introduced in that learned person's own words:—

"One day as the King was conversing with Wyatt on the suppression of monasteries, he expressed his apprehension on the subject, saying, he foresaw it would excite general alarm should the crown resume to itself such extensive possessions as those belonging to the church. 'True, sire,' replied Wyatt; 'but what if the rook's nest were buttered?' Henry understood the force and application of the proverb, and is said from that moment to have formed the design of making the nobility a party in the transaction, by giving to them a portion of the church lands.

"At a still earlier period of the business, Henry, who passionately desired the divorce, had expressed some scruples about urging it from the opposition raised by the Pope. Wyatt, who witnessed the King's perplexity, is said to have exclaimed in his hearing, 'Heavens! that a man cannot repent him of his sins without the Pope's leave.' This speech, as was designed, sunk deep into the King's mind; and disposed him the more readily to adopt the measure proposed by Cranmer of consulting the universities.

"Connected with the progress of the Reformation was the downfall of Wolsey. That powerful favourite had gained so strong a hold in the affections of the King his master, that his ruin was not effected but by slow degrees, and that too by a union of all the ancient nobility of the kingdom, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head. Wyatt

was deemed of sufficient importance to be ranked as one of their party, and is said to have contributed in a great degree to their success. For, coming one day into the King's presence, when he happened to be angry with the Cardinal, and spoke of him in terms of displeasure, Wyatt immediately laid hold of the occasion to tell a humorous story of some curs baiting a butcher's dog, which we are told 'contained the whole method of Wolsey's ruin.'"[1]

"When the King once urged him to dance at one of those splendid midnight masks with which he so often indulged the court, Wyatt with great modesty excused himself; and when Henry pressed him for his reason, he replied, 'Sir! he who would be thought a wise man in the day-time, must not play the fool at night.'"

On hearing a person jesting on matters of a serious nature, he is reported to have reproved him by saying, "It does not become Christians to do so. If the Athenians would not permit a comedian to exhibit his farces on the scene where Euripides had acted his grave and solemn tragedies, much less ought we to suffer the levity of a joke to come as it were into the presence of things holy and religious."

"One day as Wyatt[2] was conversing with the

[1] As this must have occurred before Wyatt was nineteen, its truth may perhaps be doubted, since it is nowhere shewn that he was then about the court.

[2] Leland has preserved a circumstance respecting Wyatt, which, as it is descriptive of his turn of mind, deserves here to be repeated. He states that Wyatt's favourite ring, with which he always sealed his letters, was a beautiful antique

King he said playfully to him, 'Sir, I have at last found out a benefice that must needs make me a rich man, for it would give me a hundred pounds a year more than I could want. I beseech your Majesty bestow it on me.' 'Ha!' quoth the King, 'we knew not that we had any such in our kingdom!' 'Yes, in good faith, Sir,' replied Wyatt, 'there is one such! The Provostship of Eton! There a man hath his diet, his lodging, his horse meat, his servants' wages, and riding charges, and a hundred pounds a year beside.'

"It was one of his common sayings, 'Let my friend bring me into court; but let my merit and my service keep me there.' In a jest he was used to say three things should be observed: 'Never to play upon any man's unhappiness or deformity, for that is inhuman; nor on superiors, for that is saucy and undutiful; nor on holy matters, for that is irreligious.'"

Leland asserts that Wyatt cherished three friends more particularly than the rest, namely, Poynings for the generosity of his disposition, Blaze for his wit, and Mason for his learning; but his writings and other circumstances shew that the Earl of Surrey, Sir Francis Bryan, and John Poins, or Poyntz, were specially favoured with his regard. Lloyd says "there were four things for which men went to dine with Sir Thomas Wyatt. First, his

gem, with Julius Cæsar's head on an agate, that Wyatt's predilection for it arose from his admiration of Cæsar's character; and that he used it that the memory of so great a man, being constantly present to his mind, he might himself be stimulated to generous exertion, and do something worthy of eternal record.—See *Leland's Nænia*, v. 172.

generous entertainment; secondly, his free and knowing discourse of Spain and Germany, an insight into whose interests was his masterpiece, they having been studied by him for his own satisfaction as well as for the exigency of the times; thirdly, his quickness in observing, his civility in entertaining, his dexterity in employing, and his readiness in encouraging every man's peculiar parts and inclinations; and lastly, the favour and notice with which he was honoured by the King!"

By Elizabeth, the daughter of Lord Cobham, who survived him, and married secondly Sir Edward Warner, Sir Thomas Wyatt left an only son, Thomas, who must have been born about 1521, as he was found of full age in October, 1542. He married, at the early age of fifteen, Jane, daughter and coheir of Sir William Hawte, of Bourne, in Kent; and soon after that time he received the two following inimitable letters of advice and instruction from his father, who was then in Spain, extracts from which deserve to be inscribed, in letters of gold, in a conspicuous part of every place of instruction for youth in the world.

LETTER I.

"In as much as now ye are come to some years of understanding, and that you should gather within yourself some frame of Honesty, I thought that I should not lose my labour wholly if now I did something advertise you to take the sure foundations and stablished opinions that leadeth to Honesty.

"And here, I call not Honesty that, men commonly call Honesty, as reputation for riches, for authority, or some like thing: but that Honesty, that

I dare well say your grandfather, (whose soul God pardon) had rather left to me than all the lands he did leave me; that was, Wisdom, Gentleness, Soberness, desire to do Good, Friendliness to get the love of many, and Truth above all the rest. A great part to have all these things is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth.

"Out of these things the chiefest and infallible ground is the dread and reverence of God, whereupon shall ensue the eschewing of the contraries of these said virtues; that is to say, ignorance, unkindness, rashness, desire of harm, unquiet enmity, hatred, many and crafty falsehood, the very root of all shame and dishonesty. I say the only dread and reverence of God, that seeth all things, is the defence of the creeping in of all these mischiefs into you. And for my part, although I do well say there is no man that would his son better than I, yet on my faith I had rather have you lifeless, than subject to these vices.

"Think and imagine always that you are in presence of some honest man that you know; as Sir John Russell, your Father-in-law, your Uncle Parson, or some other such, and ye shall, if at any time you find a pleasure in naughty touches, remember what shame it were afore these men to do naughtily. And sure this imagination shall cause you remember, that the pleasure of a naughty deed is soon past, and the rebuke, shame, and the note thereof shall remain ever. Then, if these things ye take for vain imaginations, yet remember that it is certain, and no imagination, that ye are alway in the presence and sight of God: and though you see Him not, so much is

the reverence the more to be had for that He seeth, and is not seen.

"Men punish with shame as greatest punishment on earth, yea! greater than death; but His punishment is, first, the withdrawing of His favour, and grace, and in leaving His hand to rule the stern to let the ship run without guide to its own destruction; and suffereth so the man that he forsaketh to run headlong as subject to all mishaps, and at last with shameful end to everlasting shame and death. Ye may see continual examples both of the one sort and of the other; and the better, if ye mark them well that yourself are come of; and consider well your good grandfather, what things there were in him, and his end. And they that knew him noted him thus; first, and chiefly to have a great reverence of God and good opinion of godly things. Next that, there was no man more pitiful; no man more true of his word; no man faster to his friend; no man diligenter nor more circumspect, which thing, both the Kings his masters noted in him greatly. And if these things, and specially the grace of God that the fear of God alway kept with him, had not been, the chances of this troublesome world that he was in had long ago overwhelmed him. This preserved him in prison from the hands of the tyrant[1] that could find in his heart to see him racked; from two years and more prisonment in Scotland in irons and stocks; from the danger of sudden changes and commotions divers, till that well beloved of many, hated of none, in his fair age, and good reputation, godly and Christianly he went to Him that loved him, for that he always had Him in reverence.

"And of myself, I may be a near example unto

[1] Richard the Third.

you of my folly and unthriftiness, that hath, as I well deserved, brought me into a thousand dangers and hazards, enmities, hatreds, prisonments, despites, and indignations; but that God hath of His goodness chastised me, and not cast me clean out of His favour; which thing I can impute to nothing but to the goodness of my good father, that I dare well say, purchased with continual request of God His grace towards me more than I regarded, or considered myself; and a little part to the small fear that I had of God in the most of my rage, and the little delight that I had in mischief. You therefore if ye be sure, and have God in your sleeve to call you to His grace at last, venture hardily by mine example upon naughty unthriftiness, in trust of His goodness; and besides the shame, I dare lay ten to one ye shall perish in the adventure; for trust me, that my wish or desire of God for you shall not stand you in as much effect, as I think my father's did for me: we are not all accepted of Him.

"Begin therefore betimes. Make God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men: shoot at that mark: be no mocker: mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence; and think unkindness to be the greatest offence, and least punished amongst men; but so much the more to be dread, for God is justiser upon that alone.

"Love well, and agree with your wife; for where is noise and debate in the house there is unquiet dwelling; and much more where it is in one bed. Frame well yourself to love, and rule well and honestly your wife as your fellow, and she shall love and reverence you as her head. Such as you are

unto her, such shall she be unto you. Obey and reverence your father-in-law, as you would me: and remember that long life followeth them that reverence their fathers and elders; and the blessing of God for good agreement between the wife and husband, is fruit of many children.

"Read oft this my letter, and it shall be as though I had often written to you; and think that I have herein printed a fatherly affection to you. If I may see that I have not lost my pain, mine shall be the contentation, and yours the profit; and, upon condition that you follow my advertisement, I send you God's blessing and mine, and as well to come to honesty, as to increase of years."

LETTER II.

"I DOUBT not but long ere this time my letters are come to you. I remember I wrote to you in them, that if you read them often it shall be as though I had written often to you. For all that, I cannot so content me but still to call upon you with my letters. I would not for all that, that if anything be well warned in the other that you should leave to remember it because of this new. For it is not like with advertisements as it is with apparel that with long wearing a man casteth away, when he hath new. Honest teachings never wear; unless they wear out of his remembrance that should keep and follow them, to the shame and hurt of himself. Think not also that I have any new or change of advertisements to send you; but still it is one that I would. I have nothing to cry and call upon you for but Honesty, Honesty. It may be diversely named, but alway it tendeth to one end; and as I wrote to you last, I mean not that Honesty that the common sort calleth

an honest man. Trust me, that honest man is as common a name as the name of a good fellow; that is to say, a drunkard, a tavern haunter, a rioter, a gamer, a waster. So are among the common sort all men honest men that are not known for manifest naughty knaves.

"Seek not I pray thee, my Son, that Honesty which appeareth, and is not indeed. Be well assured it is no common thing, nor no common man's judgment to judge well of Honesty; nor it is no common thing to come by; but so much it is the more goodly, for that it is so rare and strange.

"Follow not therefore the common reputation of Honesty. If you will seem honest, be honest; or else seem as you are. Seek not the name without the thing; nor let not the name be the only mark you shoot at: that will follow though you regard it not; yea! and the more you regard it, the less. I mean not by regard it not, esteem it not; for well I wot honest name is goodly. But he that hunteth only for that, is like him that had rather seem warm than be warm, and edgeth a single coat about with a fur. Honest name is to be kept, preserved, and defended, and not to employ all a man's wit about the study of it; for that smelleth of a glorious and ambitious fool. I say, as I wrote unto you in my last letters, get the thing, and the other must of necessity follow, as the shadow followeth the thing that it is of; and even so much is the very Honesty better than the name, as the thing is better than the shadow.

"The coming to this point that I would so fain have you have, is to consider a man's own self what he is, and wherefore he is; and herein let him think verily that so goodly a work as man is, for whom all other things were wrought, was not wrought but for

goodly things. After a man hath gotten a will and desire to them, is first to avoid evil, and learn that point alone: 'Never to do that, that within yourself you find a certain grudging against.' No doubt in any thing you do, if you ask yourself, or examine the thing in yourself afore you do it, you shall find, if it be evil, a repining against it. My Son! for our Lord's love keep well that repining; suffer it not to be darked and corrupted by naughty example, as though any thing were to you excusable because other men do the same. That same repining, if it did punish as he doth judge, there were no such justicer; and of truth, so doth it punish; but not so apparently. Here however it is no small grief, of a conscience that condemneth itself; but be well assured, after this life it is a continual gnawing.

"When there is a custom gotten of avoiding to do evil, then cometh a gentle courage. Be content to be idle, and to rest without doing any thing. Then too had ye need to gather an heap of good opinions and to get them perfectly, as it were on your fingers ends. Rest not greatly upon the approving of them; take them as already approved, because they were of honest men's leavings. Of them of God, there is no question; and it is no small help to them, the good opinion of moral philosophers, among whom I would Seneca [in] your study; and Epictetus, because it is little, to be ever in bosom.

"These things shall lead you to know goodly [things]; which when a man knoweth and taketh pleasure in them, he is a beast that followeth not them: no, nor he cannot but follow them. But take this for conclusion and sum of all; that if God and his Grace be not the foundation, neither can ye avoid evil, nor judge well, nor do any goodly thing. Let

Him be foundation of all. Will these things; desire them earnestly, and seek them at His hands, and knowledge them to come of Him, and questionless He will both give you the use and pleasure in using them, and also reward you for them that come of Him; so liberal and good is He.

"I would fain see that my letters might work to frame you honest. And think that without that, I esteem nothing of you: no! not that you are my son. For I reckon it no small dishonesty to myself to have an unhonest taught child: but the fault shall not be in me. I shall do the part of a father: and if you answer not to that I look for at your hands, I shall as well study with that that I shall leave, to make such [some] honest man, as you."

As he is often styled Sir Thomas Wyatt "the younger," it seems that he was knighted in his father's lifetime; and, as the companion of Lord Surrey, he once shared in a mischievous frolick, which caused their imprisonment.[1] A memoir of the younger Wyatt may be found in Dr. Nott's edition of his father's works; and all which it is necessary to add about him is, that he served with distinction under the Earl of Surrey at Boulogne, in 1545, who, in one of his letters to the King, thus bore testimony to his merits:—

"I assure your majesty you have framed him to such towardness and knowledge in the war, that, none other dispraised, your majesty hath not many like him within your realm for hardiness, painfulness, and circumspection, and natural disposition to the war."

[1] See Memoir of Surrey, p. xxxii.

Having joined in the effort to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, he was condemned, and executed for high treason, on the 11th April, 1554. He left a numerous family, and his grandson, Sir Francis Wyatt, of Bexley in Kent, was living in the reign of James the First, and had two sons, Henry and Francis.

SIR THOMAS WYATT'S LETTER TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL IN 1541.[1]

PLEASE IT YOUR GOOD LORDSHIPS TO UNDERSTAND;

HAVE knowledge by Mr. Lieutenant that the King's pleasure is, and your commandment, that I should write and declare such things as have passed me whilst I was in the Emperor's court, by word, writing, communing, or receiving, with or from any man, whereby I know myself to have offended, or whereby I might run in suspect of offence; namely, in the time of that Court being at Nice, and Villa Franca.

First; like as I take God to record in whom I trust to be saved, and whose redemption I forsake if wittingly I lie; so do I humbly in His name beseech you all, that in those things that be not fresh in my memory no captious advantage be taken of me: professing always that if my self can by any means, or your Lordships, or any other, reduce any other

[1] See page xliii. ante.

thing than I shall touch to my remembrance, sincerely and uncolourably from time to time to declare the truth in prison, or out. And for my part I declare affirmingly at all proofs whereby a Christian man may be tried, that in my life in crime towards the Majesty of the King my master, or any his issue in deed, word, writing, or wish, I never offendnd I never committed malice or offence, or (as I have presently said before you) done a thing wherein my thought could accuse my conscience as touching words with any the King's enemy, or traitor, in my life. I remember not that ever I spake with any, knowing him at that time to be a traitor, or enemy, but to Brauncetour at his apprehension in Paris, and to Trogmorton at St. Daves, that would have brought me a present of wine from Pole: which processes, I doubt not but it is well in your Lordship's remembrance.

I had forgot in this place a light fellow, a gunner, that was an Englishman, and came out of Ireland with an Irish traitor, called James; I have forgot his other name and doubt in that also. He could scarce speak English, and drunken he was; and on a day I rebuked him out of my house; and he sought to advertise me of that James' coming again; but the thing was of no value, and I neglected them.

And there was also a fool, an Irishman, that was lame, maimed in the Emperor's wars; and there took him by the name of Rosaroffa, because he ware a red rose in his breast: but there was no substance of those things. But if they require any further, I am ready to say to it; though it be to none effect. Writing I never received none of any there, being known a traitor, or being suspect of treason: or none afterwards proved a traitor, other than followeth.

Of the Earl of Essex (being then as the King's chief Councellor, and after declared a traitor of Pagett) a letter, being inclosed within a letter of the Earl of Essex, directing another letter with the same to Brauncetour. Pate's letters I sent to the Earl of Essex, Brauncetour not yet known for a traitor. Of Leze, a letter or two, he being in Italy. Whereunto I answered him in substance, exhorting him to come and see Spain, and return into England with me: he then not being suspected of any offence, to my knowledge.

Of Brauncetour two or three letters (he being at Tour de Himmes in Castille, and I at Barcelona) concerning my money of the bank. This was twelve months before he was discovered for a traitor. Other letters or writings, such as above, I never remember that any came to my hands, or through my hands unopened, but of the Priest that was my lord Lyster's chaplain; which I opened, and after brought them the King.

Communing with any declared or known then to me a traitor or rebel, with sending of message, recommendations, advertisements, favourable tokens, or writings, or any such matter, let it be proved and impute it to me for treason. Nor I say not that, for that I have done it so secretly that it cannot be proved, but, as God judge me, I am clear of thought. Receiving, I am as clear as sending. God knoweth what restless torment it hath been to me since my hither coming, to examine myself, perusing all my deeds to my remembrance, whereby a malicious enemy might take advantage by evil interpretation. But, as I complained before to your Lordships, it had grieved me the suspect I have been in, being in Spain, that it was noised that I was run away to the

Bishop of Rome, had not the King's Majesty had so good opinion of me that, as I know, at my coming home they were punished that had sown that noise on me.

And further, by examination of Mason; the which thing, with that you name the towns Nice and Villa Franca, reneweth the suspect thereof. Whereof the substance and truth of that I passed there, to my remembrance, I shall declare sincerely.

At the Emperor's arrival at Villa Franca, (which is about one mile from Nice, and where is a boat for gallies) to my galley came a servant from the Bishop of London that now is, and Dr. Haynes, advertising me of their being at Nice. I went with my boat without delay to them; and, to be short, I gat them [lodging] at Villa Franca, right over against my own, as good as the time and place would suffer. For though they were better lodged at Nice, yet methought that Court being full of the Court of Rome, it was scant sure nor convenient, nor so meet for our communication. The execution thereof needs not here to be comprehended: it was then advertised of. And besides, I suppose it be not the intent of this declaration. I, as God judge me like as I was continually imagining, and compassing what way I might do best service; so rested I not day nor night to hunt out for knowledge of those things. I trotted continually up and down that hell through heat and stink, from counsellor to ambassador, from one friend to another; but the things then were either so secretly handled, or yet not in coverture, that I with all mine acquaintance, and much less they my colleagues for any policy or industry that I saw them use, could not get any knowledge. Me thought (an Emperor, a French King, and Bishop of Rome being

so assembled, pretending an union of all the world, to be treated by the hands of my Master's mortal enemy, I being present, neither having knowledge of any thing, nor thilk advertisement from hence) that I should leave no stone unmoved to get some intelligence: although, peradventure my colleagues thought that little to be their charge, but only to convert the Emperor by their learning.

Upon this it chanced that upon a day there was no person at dinner with us but we three, and Mason; and, the servants being from the board, (whether they were gone for meat, or whether I bade them go down, I remember not) I rehearsed the [case], care I had for lack of knowledge, and the necessity, and demanded their opinion, 'What if Mason should insinuate himself dissembling with Pole, to suck something worthy of knowledge in these great matters.' They both thought it good, and Mason was content to essay it when he should see time and occasion. The certain time how long I tarried after, or how long I was there in all, on my truth I remember not: but I think I was not there twelve days in all afore any thing done in this matter. To my knowledge, my overture for my coming to the King was made unto me: wherein I had not so much respect to the offers that were made, as to the promise and the assurance that both the Emperor, Grandvela, and Cavas made me, that nothing neither with Bishop or King should be treated and concluded till I came again, if I came in fifteen or sixteen days, or that the King did send resolution upon these affairs. This, me-thought, was so gladsome unto me to win to the King, he being unbound and at liberty so many days (with my posting only and pain in so high matters) that all my policy of knowledge, and

intelligence was clean forgotten with me. Methought I had enough. The resolution upon these affairs your Lordships knoweth; and the success after sheweth what was meant then. The day passed: and [before] my return (although I solicited earnestly my dispatch) the appointment [was] concluded, and these Princes departed.

Touching this device of Mason with Pole, this is all that soundeth in any case to my fact. And let it be proved that ever by Mason, or any other, I sent him word, advertisement, or put word or order in his mouth what he should say or do, other than I have declared, and let it be imputed treason unto me.

The like unto this I used after at Toledo, where I used Mr. Foleman's brother and another merchant that had been spoiled to seek means to enter into Pole's lodging, and to spy who resorted thither, and what they could learn; whereby I discovered Brauncetour's treason, not only resorting to Pole, but plainly exhorting them to forsake the King and follow Pole, whereof I advertised; and by that also I knew of Grandvela's being there secretly with him; upon which I got of Grandvela farther knowledge of Pole's suits and demands. This I did without consultation, for I had no colleague with me. But at Paris about the apprehension of Brauncetour, I used Weldon and Sworder, and that with participation of both Mr. Tate and the Bishop of London, to be spies over Brauncetour, and to put themselves into company, whereby I ever knew where he became, till the hour came that he was apprehended, Weldon being in the chamber with him. Our Lord defend these men, that the thing that was both meant and done in the King's service, should be prejudiced by suspect in this behalf.

But to return to the matter of Mason. I met with the Emperor upon the sea afore Marseilles, coming in a boat from Aquas-Mortes, both in hazard of the Moors and naughty weather, because I would prevent the Emperor and the French King's meeting, which should be at Aquas-Mortes.—But I came too late to break anything. Now had the Emperor been at Genes, and there had Mason gotten occasion to enter with Pole ; and he told me that he could suck nothing out of him, for that he seemed to suspect him. At Venice was I never. Whilst this was done was I yet in England; and Mason told me that he had written to me and the Earl of Essex what he had done, which letters never came to my hands, nor almost a year after to the Earl of Essex' hands, as the same Earl told me at my coming home : and further told me how honestly Mason had declared himself, and how well the King took it, and how good lord he was to him. And farther declared unto me the chance, that though the letters that Mason wrote to him came not yet then to his hands, that in searching Mason's papers, the minute thereof was found; and after how the letter self came to his hands, adding thereunto these words, "They meant at Mason, but they shot at the Wyatt." And I remember well the answer I made was, "They strake at me, but they hurt me not; therefore, I pray God forgive them, but i-beshrew their hearts for their meaning." Mason of this all the while never wrote unto me in Spain, but that he was detained with a quartan : but I knew by Grandvela that he was detained by examination, wherein I was suspect; and further particular I could nothing of him. And after, as it may appear by my letters, I solicited my coming home for my declaration. If these be the matters that may

bring me into suspect, me seemeth, if I be not blinded by mine cause, that the credit that an Ambassador hath, or ought to have, might well discharge as great stretches as these. If in these matters I have presumed to be trusty more than I was trusted, surely the zeal of the King's service drove me to it. And I have been always of opinion, that the King's Majesty either should send for Ambassadors such as he trusteth, or trust such as he sendeth. But all ye, my good Lords, and masters of the Council, that hath, and shall in like case serve the King, for Christ's charity weigh in this mine innocence, as you would be deemed in your first days, when you have [had] charge without experience. For if it be not by practice and means that an ambassador should have and come to secrets, a Prince were as good send naked letters, and to receive naked letters, as to be at charge for residencers. And if a man should be driven to be so scrupulous to do nothing without warrant, many occasions of good service should scape him.

Touching the Bishop of London and Haynes' calumning in this matter, when it shall please your Lordships to examine me, I shall sincerely declare unto you the malice that hath moved them; and if I might be examiner in my own cause, I know they cannot avoid their untruth in denial of their consent in this cause of Mason.

I beseech you humbly be my good lords, and let not my life wear away here, that might peradventure be better spent in some days deed for the King's service. Our Lord put in your hearts to do with me as I have deserved toward the King's Majesty.

The King's true, faithful subject
and servant, and humble orator,
T. Wyatt.

SIR THOMAS WYATT'S DEFENCE,

AFTER THE INDICTMENT AND EVIDENCE.*

My Lords,

IF it were here the law, as hath been in some Commonwealths, that in all accusations the defendant should have double the time to say and defend, that the accusers have in making their accusements; and that the defendant might detain unto him counsel, as in France, or where the Civil Law is used; then might I well spare some of my leisure to move your Lordships' hearts to be favourable unto me: then might I by counsel help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able against such a prepared thing. But in as much as that time, that your Lordships will favourably give me without interruption, I must spend to instruct without help of counsel their consciences, that must pronounce upon me; I beseech you only (at the reverence of God, whose place in judgment you occupy under the King's Majesty, and whom, you ought to have, where you are, before your eyes), that you be not both my judges and my accusers, that is to say, that you aggravate not my cause unto the quest, but that alone unto their requests or unto mine, which I suppose to be both ignorant in the law, ye interpret law sincerely. For although it be these men that must pronounce upon me: yet I know right well what a small word may, of any of your mouths that sit in your place, to these men that seeketh light at your hands. This done, with your Lordships' leaves, I shall convert my tale unto those men.

* See page xliii ante.

I say unto you, my good masters and christian brethren, that if I might have had such help, as I spake of to my lords before, counsel, and time, I doubt not but I should fully have satisfied your conscience, and have persuaded you. Nor I mean no such time as hath been had for the inventing, for the setting forth, for the indictment, for devisement of the dilating of the matters by my masters here of the King's Majesty's learned counsel; for it is three years that this matter is first begun: but I would have wished only so much time, that I might have read that they have penned; and penned too, that you might read. But that may not be. Therefore I must answer directly to the accusation, which will be hard for me to remember.

The accusation comprehendeth the indictment, and all these worshipful men's tales annexed thereunto. The length whereof, the cunning whereof, made by learned men, weaved in and out to persuade you and trouble me here and there, to seek to answer that is in the one afore, and in the other behind, may both deceive you and amaze me, if God put not in your heads honest wisdom to weigh these things as much as it ought to be. So to avoid the danger of your forgetting, and my trouble in the declaration, it is necessary to gather the whole process into these chief points, and unto them to answer directly, whereby ye shall perceive what be the principals, and what be the effects which these men craftily and wittingly have weaved together, that a simple man might hardly try the one from the other. Surely, but that I understand mine own matter, I should be too much to seek and accumbered in it. But, masters, this is more of law than of equity, of living than of uprightness, with such intricate appearances to blind

men's conscience; specially in case of man's life, where alway the naked truth is the goodliest persuasion. But to purpose.

Of the points that I am accused of, to my perceiving, these be the two marks whereunto mine accusers direct all their shot of eloquence. A deed, and a saying. After this sort, in effect, is the deed alleged with so long words: "Wyatt in so great trust with the King's Majesty, that he made him his ambassador, and for whom his Majesty hath done so much, being ambassador hath had intelligence with the King's rebel and traitor Pole." Touching the saying, amounteth to this much: "That same Wyatt, being also ambassador, maliciously, falsely, and traitorously said, That he feared that the King should be cast out of a cart's tail; and that by God's blood, if he were so, he were well served, and he would he were so." The sole apparel of the rest of all this process pertaineth to the proofs of the one or other of these two points. But if these two points appear unto you to be more than false, maliciously invented, craftily disguised, and worse set forth, I doubt not, but the rest of their proofs will be but reproofs in every honest man's judgment. But let us come to the matter.

And here I beseech you, if any of you have brought with you already my judgment, by reason of such tales as ye have heard of me abroad, that ye will leave all such determination aside, and only weigh the matter as it shall be here apparent unto you. And besides that, think, I beseech you, that, if it be sufficient for the condemnation of any man to be accused only, that then there is no man guiltless. But if for condemnation is requisite proof and declaration, then take me as yet not condemned, till

thoroughly, advisedly, and substantially ye have heard and marked my tale.

First you must understand that my masters here, serjeant . . . and other of the King's Counsel that allege here against me, were never beyond the sea with me, that I remember. They never heard me say any such words there, never saw me have any intelligence with Pole, nor my indicters neither. Wherein you must mark, that neither these men which talk here unsworn, nor the indictment at large, is to be regarded as an evidence. The indicters have found that I have done it. If that be true, what need your trial? but if quests fetch their light at indictments at large, then is a man condemned unheard: then had my Lord Dacres been found guilty; for he was indicted at large by four or five quests; like was his matter avowed, affirmed, and aggravated by an help of learned men; but on all this the honourable and wise nobility did not once look; they looked at the evidence, in which they weighed, I suppose, the malice of his accusers, the unlikelihood of the things hanging together, and chiefly of all, the substance of the matter and the proofs.

Who then accused me that ever he heard me, or saw me, or knew me to have intelligence with Pole by word, writing, or message to or fro? No man. Why so? For there is [no] such thing. Why art thou brought hither then? It is but a bare condemnation to say, 'If I had not offended, I had not been brought hither.' That was their saying against Christ, that had nothing to say against Him else.

But there is other matter, for proofs hereof against me. There is the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of London, and Mr. Dr. Haynes the King's Chaplain, that deposed against me. What

sayest thou to this Wyatt? These men were beyond the sea with thee, where thou sayest that neither the indicters nor we were there: these men of learning, of gravity, yea! and Ambassadors with thee too.

To this I say, this word "Intelligence" concludeth a familiarity or conferring of devices together, which may be by word, message, or writing, which the law forbiddeth to be had with any the King's traitors, or rebels, pain of the like. Rehearse the law: declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. Am I a traitor, because I spake with the King's traitor? No, not for that, for I may bid him, "Avaunt, traitor:" or "Defy him traitor." No man will take this for treason. But where he is holpen, counselled, advertised by my word, there lieth the treason, there lieth the treason. In writing it is like: in message it is like: for I may send him both letter and message of challenge, or defiance. But in any of these the suspect is dangerous; therefore whosoever would do any of these things, I would advise him that it appear well. And yet neither God's law, nor man's law, nor no equity condemneth a man for suspects: but for such a suspect, such a word, or writing, [that] may be so apparent by conjectures, or success of things afterwards, by vehement likelihoods, by conferring of things, and such like, that it may be a grievous matter.

But whereto do I declare this point? it is far out of my case: For if I ever spake word to him beyond the sea, and yet to my remembrance but once on this side; or if ever I wrote to him, or if I ever sent him word or message, I confess the action; let it be imputed to me for treason. I say not of word, message, or writing that should be abetting, aiding, comforting, or advertisement; but any at all, but only by his

servant Trogmorton, at S. Daves in France; which was in refusal of a present that he would have sent me of wine, and of other gear; of which thing I advertised, and it appeareth by my letters, the matter how it went; and there was present Chambers, Knowles, Mantell, Blage, and Mason, that heard what pleasant words I cherished him withal.

"Here were a great matter to blear your eyes withal," say my accusers, "if you would believe Wyatt, that is not ashamed to lie so manifestly in judgment. Didst thou not send Mason unto him at Nice? Hast thou not confessed thyself? Hath not Mason confessed it? Hath not the Bishop of London and Haynes accused thee thereof?" Forsooth never a whit. Neither sent I Mason, nor have confessed that, nor Mason so confesseth, nor, I suppose, neither of my accusers do so allege. Call for them, Bonner and Haynes; their spirituality letteth not them from judgment out of the King's Court. Let them be sworn. Their saying is, that Mason spake with Pole at Genes. Here do not they accuse me, they accuse Mason. Call forth Mason, swear him. He is defendant, his oath cannot be taken. What saith he at the least? He saith that Bonner, Haynes, and Wyatt, being all three the King's Ambassadors at Villa Franca besides Nice, that same Wyatt, being in great care for intelligence how the matters went there in great closeness, being an Emperor, a French King, a Bishop of Rome so nigh together, that all these lay within four miles treating upon a conclusion of peace by the hands and means of the Bishop of Rome, the King's mortal enemy; Pole also his traitor being there practising against the King, the said Wyatt at a dinner devised and asked, "What if Mason did undermine Pole, to look if he could suck out any

thing of him, that were worth the King's knowledge:" which then all three thought good, and he accepted it, when he should see his time.

Doth Mason here accuse me, or confesseth, that I sent him on a message? What word gave I unto thee, Mason? What message? I defy all familiarity and friendship betwixt us, say thy worst. My accusers themselves are accused in this tale, as well as I, if this be treason. Yea, and more: for whereas I confess frankly, knowing both my conscience and the thing clear of treason: they, belike mistrusting themselves, deny this. What they mean by denying of this: minister interrogatories. Let them have such thirty-eight as were ministered unto me; and their familiar friends examined in hold, and appear as well as I; and let us see what milk these men would yield. Why not? they are accused as well as I. Shall they be privileged, because they by subtle craft complained first? where I, knowing no hurt in the thing, did not complain likewise? But they are two. We are also two. As in spiritual courts men are wont to purge their fames, let us try our fames for our honesties, and we will give them odds. And if the thing be earnestly marked, theirs is negative, ours is affirmative. Our oaths ought to be received: theirs in this point cannot.

I say farther, they are not the first openers of this matter, whereby they ought to be received. For what will they say? Bonner wrote this out of France long after he was gone from me out of Spain. And Haynes came home, whereas he remained ambassador in France. But Mason wrote this to the late Earl of Essex from Genes, where he had spoken with Pole, forthwith upon the speaking with him, I being here in England. For afore was I come from

Villa Franca, sent to the Emperor from the King's Majesty in post: for what purpose, or what service I did, I know the King's Majesty hath esteemed more than I will ascribe unto myself; and it should but occupy the time, and instruct you little the better in the matter.

I say then, Mason wrote of this unto the Earl of Essex, and unto me also, which letters never came to my hands, nor unto the Earl of Essex's hands neither, all a year after. And when Mason was examined here upon the same afore the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Suffolk, and, as I remember, the Bishop of Durham (I being in Spain), his papers and his things were sought and visited. And where Mason alleged these letters sent to the Earl of Essex, he sware he never received them; and in that search was found the minute of that same letter. And I think Mason no such fool, but in that letter he rehearsed, that upon our consent he went to Pole, and so after what he did. Upon this, so apparent, was Mason dismissed: and long after came the letters to the Earl of Essex's hands. And this did the Earl of Essex tell me after my coming home out of Spain; and, as far as I remember, I learned that of Mr. Bartlett, which was the Earl's servant, that brought the minute with Mason's papers. This I say, for that peradventure the letters cannot now be found; yet let him say what he knoweth. So that it is not to be believed, that Mason, then not being in doubt of any accusation, would have said in his letter that he went by the Ambassador's consent, unless it had been so indeed. Therefore, I say, if our consents in this be treason, then are they in this as far in as I; and their negative requireth proof, and neither oath nor denial: and our oaths are to be taken in the affirmative,

and not theirs in the negative: nor they are not to be received as the first openers, for Mason wrote it long before them. And they, belike, condemning themselves in taking it to be treason, would falsely lay it unto us, that frankly confess it without thought of treason. But you may see how their falsehood hangeth together. These men thinketh it enough to accuse: and as all these slanderers use for a general rule, "Whom thou lovest not, accuse; for though he heal not the wound, yet the scar shall remain."

But you will say unto me, What is it to thy declaration, whether they have offended or no? Thou confessest, that thou consentest to his going to the King's traitor: how avoidest thou that? What didst thou mean by that, or what authority hadst thou so to do?

This is it, that I would ye should know, good masters, as well as God knoweth; and it shall be clear enough anon, without suspect, unto you.

But first, if that suspect should have been well and lawfully grounded, before it had come as far as accusation; it should have been proved between Pole and me kin, acquaintance, familiarity, or else accord of opinions, whereby it might appear, that my consent to Mason's going to him should be for naughty purpose: or else there should have been brought forth some success since, some letters, if none of mine, at the least of some others, some confession of some of his adherents that have been examined or suffered.

But what? There is none. Why so? Thou shalt as soon find out oil out of a flint stone, as find any such thing in me. What I meant by it is declared unto you. It was little for my avail: it was to undermine him; it was to be a spy over him; it

was to learn an enemy's counsel. If it might have been, had it been out of purpose, trow you? I answer now, as though it had been done on my own head without the counsel of two of the King's counsellors, and myself also the third; there is also mine authority. I have received oft thanks from the King's Majesty, and his Councils, for things that I have gotten by such practices; as I have in twenty letters, "use now all your policy, use now all your friends, use now all your dexterity to come to knowledge and intelligence." This, and such like, were my policy; and by such means afterwards, and setting two to be spies over that same Pole in Toledo, when he came in post to the Emperor, I discovered the treason of Brauncetor and the practices of Pole in the Emperor's court. And I dare say the King's Majesty was served by the same deed; and how, my Lords of the Council know, both by my letters and declaration since I have been prisoner.

But this I shall beseech you to note in this matter, that now I speak of; for that I spake before, "that successes declare suspects." Before Pole came out of Rome to go post to the Emperor, I had so good intelligence, that I knew of it and advertised, that he should come, wherein I desired to know what I should do. I heard nothing. I wrote again, "He is on the sea, or else as far as Genes by land hitherward." I heard no word again. This was either because it was not believed, or else they thought it was not like that I should get the knowledge, being in Spain. I wrote again, "He is in Spain;" and what I had done: for I had laboured before his coming importunately, that he should have been ordered according to the treaties. I heard yet no word. In conclusion, on my own head I did so

much, that he was neither sent against, being the Bishop of Rome's legate, neither received, nor did nothing that he came for, nor rewarded, which Princes use, nor accompanied out again. And besides that, I knew and advertised all his doings, and sent a copy of his own chief matters. And thus was he by my industry dispatched out of Spain smally to his reputation or contenting: and the answer with the king, afore the letters came to me by Francis the courier, [that directed] how I should order myself in the business. This I say hath been one of the fruits of mine intelligence with Pole; that, as God judge me, this seven year, I suppose, came no gladder news unto him than this of my trouble; and on my truth it is no small trouble unto me, that he should rejoice in it.

But to set spies over traitors, it is I think no new practice with ambassadors. He of France, that is now here, had he not, trow ye, them that knit company with Chappuis afore he was delivered here? I myself the last year at Paris appointed Welden, and Swerder, two scholars there, to entertain Brauncetor, that by them I might know where he became always, for his sudden apprehension. The Bishop was made privy unto it; so was Mr. Totle. And I would have had Mason done this, but presently afore the Bishop he refused it, alleging that he[1] had once swerved from him in such a like matter. I had no warrant for all this gear, no more had the Bishop in this that I know of, other than of the authority and trust that an ambassador hath and ought to have.

Besides this, ye bring in now, that I should have this intelligence with Pole because of our opinions, that are alike; and that I am papish. I think I

[1] The bishop.

should have more ado with a great sort in England to purge myself of suspect of a Lutheran, than of a Papist. What men judge of me abroad, this may be a great token, that the King's Majesty and his Council know what hazard I was in in Spain with the Inquisition, only by speaking against the Bishop of Rome, where peradventure Bonner would not have bid such a brunt. The Emperor had much ado to save me, and yet that made me not hold my peace, when I might defend the king's deed against him, and improve his naughtiness. But in this case, good Masters, ye shall [hear] fair evidence: [what] the King and his Council thought in this matter, when they demised Mason at his first examination, and for the small weight there was either against him or me. And what thing hath there happened since, that was not then opened? Inquire, and ye shall find none.

But now to the other part of my accusation, touching my saying. For the Love of our Lord, weigh it substantially; and yet withal, remember the naughty handling of my accusers in the other point; and in this you shall see no less maliciousness, and a great deal more falsehood.

And first let us handle the matter, as though I had so said, except only that same "falsely, maliciously, and traitorously," with all. Were it so, I had said the words; yet it remaineth unproved: (but take it not, that I grant them, for I mean not so,) but only that I had so said. Rehearse here the law of words; declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. This includeth that words maliciously spoken, or traitorously, against the King's person should be taken for treason. It is not meant, masters, of words which despise the King lightly, or

which are not all the most reverently spoken of him, as a man should judge a chace against him at the tennis, wherewith he were not all the best contented: but such words as bear an open malice; or such words as persuade commotions, or seditions, or such things. And what say my accusers in these words? Do they swear I spake them traitorously, or maliciously? I dare say, they be shameless enough; yet have they not so deposed against me. Read their depositions: They say not so. Confer their depositions, if they agree word for word: That is hard, if they were examined apart, unless they had conspired more than became faithful accusers. If they misagree in words, and not in substance, let us hear the words they vary in; for in some little thing may appear the truth, which, I dare say, you seek for conscience sake. And besides that, it is a small thing in altering of one syllable either with pen or word, that may make in the conceiving of the truth much matter or error. For in this thing, "I fear," or "I trust," seemeth but one small syllable changed, and yet it maketh a great difference, and may be of an hearer wrong conceived and worse reported; and yet, worst of all, altered by an examiner. Again, "fall out," "cast out," or "left out," maketh difference; yea, and the setting of the words one in another's place may make great difference, though the words were all one, as, "a mill horse," and "a horse mill." I beseech you therefore examine the matter under this sort; confer their several sayings together, confer the examinations upon the same matter, and I dare warrant, ye shall find misreporting and misunderstanding.

But first, for my own part, let this saying be interpreted in the highest kind of naughtiness and

maliciousness ; yea, and alter them most that can be that they may be found to that purpose. This is (which God forbid should be thought of any man) that by throwing out of a cart's tail, I should mean that vile death, that is ordained for wretched thieves. Besides this; put, that I were the naughtiest rank traitor that ever the ground bare: doth any man think that I were so foolish, so void of wit, that I would have told Bonner and Haynes, which had already lowered at my fashions, that I would so shameful a thing to the King's Highness? Though I were, I say, so naughty a knave, and not all of the wisest, yet am I not so very a fool, though I thought so abominably, to make them privy of it, with whom I had no great acquaintance, and much less trust.

But it is far from that point: Men may not be interpreted by as much as may be evil wrested and worse conjectured: there must be reason and appearance in every thing; but that way there is none. But ye know, masters, it is a common proverb, "I am left out of the cart's tail," and it is taken upon packing gear together for carriage, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently, slips out of the cart, and is lost. So upon this blessed peace, that was handled, as partly is touched before, where seemed to be union of most part of Christendom, I saw, that we hung yet in suspense between the two Princes that were at war, and that neither of them would conclude with us directly against the Bishop of Rome, and that we also would not conclude else with none of them: whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb, whereby I doubted they would conclude among themselves and leave us out. And in communicating with some, peradventure, [fore]casting these perils I might say; "I fear for all these men's fair promises

the King shall be left out of the cart's tail;" and lament that many good occasions had been let slip of concluding with one of these Princes: and I think that I have used the same proverb with some in talking. But that I used [it] with Bonner or Haynes, I never remember; and if I ever did, I am sure never as they couch the tale. And if I have used it with any other, I think, it hath been with Blage, or with Mason. Let their declarations be rehearsed, if they have been in that examined, whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb.

But consider the place and time, where my accusers sayeth, that I should speak it, and thereby ye shall easily perceive, that either they lie, and misreport the tale; or else that I can[not] speak English.

At Barcelona, say they, after we were come from Nice, and Villa Franca, and Aquas-Mortes; that was after the truce concluded, after the meeting of the Princes; yea, and afore that, the King's Majesty was left out of the packing indeed: whereof at Aquas-Mortes I sent him the copy of the conclusions, and chapters of the peace, wherein he was not mentioned, contrary to the Emperor's promise, and to the French king's letters. Since we knew all three the same it is now like that after this I would use the future tense in that was past, and shall, "ye shall see," and then "if he be so, by God's blood he is well served;" and then, "I would he were so." It is more like I should say, if it were spoken at Barcelona, that "he is left out of the cart's tail, and by God's blood he is well served, and I am glad of it." By this you may perceive, that either they lie in the time, and the place, or else in the reporting the thing.

But because I am wont sometime to rap out an oath in an earnest talk, look how craftily they have

put in an oath to the matter, to make the matter seem mine; and because they have guarded a naughty garment of theirs with one of my naughty guards, they will swear, and face me down, that that was my garment. But bring me my garment as it was. If I said any like thing, rehearse my tale as I said it. No man can believe you, that I meant it as you construe it; or that I speak it as you allege it; or that I understand English so evil to speak so out of purpose. Therefore the time, the place, and other men's saying upon the same matter, bewray your craft and your falsehood. It well appeareth that you have a toward will to lie, but that you lacked in the matter, practice, or wit: for, they say, "He that will lie well must have a good remembrance, that he agree in all points with himself, lest he be spied."

To you, my good masters, in this purpose, I doubt not but you see already that in this saying, if I had so said, I meant not that naughty interpretation, that no devil would have imagined upon me; Nother is proved unto you, nor one appearance thereof alleged. Besides, how unlike, it is, that I should so say as it is alleged: and finally, as I do grant, I might say, and as I think, I did say, that is no treason; for that I should wish or will that the King should be left out of the comprehension; the King himself and all the Council, that were at that time understanding in the King's affairs, know, what labour and what pains I took to have his matters comprehended; and I report me unto him and them: and some man would have thought it much to have said so much to his fellow, as I said after to the Emperor and his counsellors, charging them with that they had broken promise with the King. This was an evident sign of my will, that I would nothing less than the misgoing

of the King's affairs, namely, of these that I had the handling of. If they would have proved that, they should have brought in my negligence, my slothfulness, my false handling of myself, whereby the King's matters had quailed. But I say this much, if they have quailed for lack of wit, I am excusable: let the King blame his choice, and not me. But if they have been hindered of one minute of the advancement that they might have had by my untruth, my slackness, my negligence, my pleasures, mine eases, my meat, my health; let any of this be proved, and let it be treason unto me.

But now cometh to places, the conjectures and likelihoods that maketh proofs of mine intelligence with Pole, and of my malicious speaking of that same so disguised saying. But how can any thing make a proof or a conjecture of nothing? Ye see the principles are wiped away: what matter can the appearances make? But yet let me answer unto them, you shall see them make for my purpose.

One and of the greatest is this: "Wyatt grudged at his first putting in the Tower; ergo, say they, he bare malice in his heart; and it is like that he sought intelligence with Pole; and also he wished the King's affairs to miscarry, because he would one way or other be revenged." Peradventure my accusers frame not their argument so much apparent against me: but let us examine every point thereof. "Wyatt grudged at his first putting into the Tower." If they take grudging for being sorry, or grieving, I will not stick with them, I grant it, and so I think it would do to any here. But if they use that word "grudging" including a desire to revenge, I say they lie, I never so grudged; nor they nor any other man can either prove that, or make a likelihood of a proof

thereof. Mason saith, he hath heard me complain thereof: What then? Doth Mason say, that thereby he reckoned, I meant revenging, bearing malice in my heart? I know him so well that he will not so interpret complaining or moaning to revenging.

But here come my other two honest men, and they say that I should say, "God's blood, the King set me in the Tower, and afterward sent me for his ambassador: was not this I pray you a pretty way to get me credit?" as they say, I should think. Nay put it, that I had spoken so like an idiot, as they seem to make me by this tale: what grudging or revenging findeth any for my putting into the Tower in this saying? Is here any threatening? Is here any grudging? Yea, and that it is far from my nature to study to revenge, it may appear by the many great despites and displeasures that I have had done unto me, which yet at this day is no man alive that can say that ever I did hurt him for revenging: and in this case yet much less; for it is so far from my desire to revenge, that I never imputed to the King's Highness my imprisonment: and hereof can Mr. Lieutenant here present testify, to whom I did ever impute it. Yea, and further, my Lord of Suffolk himself can tell, that I imputed it to him; and not only at the beginning, but even the very night before my apprehension now last: what time (I remember) my suing unto him for his favour to remit his old undeserved evil will, and to remember, "like as he was a mortal man," so as "to bear no immortal hate in his breast." Although I had received the injury at his hand, let him say whether this be true.

But what is there here in this article of my fashion? Mark it, I pray you, that here again they have guarded my tale with an oath, because it should

seem mine. But let them be examined that have heard me talk of that matter, whereof they seem to tear a piece or two, and patch them together; as if a man should take one of my doublet sleeves, and one of my coat, and sew them together after a disguised fashion, and then say, "Look, I pray you, what apparel Wyatt weareth." I say, let other men be examined, and ye shall find, that after I came out of the Tower in the commotion time,[1] that I was appointed to go against the King's rebels, and did (until I was countermanded) as speedily and as well furnished as I was well able: that after, I was made Sheriff of Kent for a special confidence in such a busy time: that after that again, I was sent the King's Ambassador. I have divers times boasted thereof, and taken it for a great declaration of my truth, for all my putting in the Tower, the confidence and the credit the King had in me after: and of this, peradventure, they have maliciously perverted some piece of my tale, if they perchance were there present, or heard of it. And it may easily appear; for their own saying is, that I should say, "Was not this, I pray you, a pretty way to get me credit?" How think ye, masters? I suppose it was a way to get me credit. Trow ye, that any man could think, that I should think it was not a way to get me credit? It gat me so much credit that I am in debt, yet in debt for it. Mark, I beseech you, how this gear hangeth together. This is one of their proofs that I grudged at my last putting in the Tower; which, if by grudging they mean revenging, you see how substantially that is proved: and if by grudging they mean moaning,

[1] He alludes to the insurrection of the northern counties in 1537, during Cromwell's administration.

they need not prove it; I grant it. Will any man, then, that hath honesty, wit, or discretion, gather, that because I bemoaned my imprisonment, that therefore I bear malice and would revenge? Will any man, that hath christian charity and any conscience, upon such a malicious gathering, frame an accusation upon a man's life? Doth any man, that hath any perceiving, see not the malice of these men? If there be any of you that doth not, I bind myself, ere my tale be done, to let you see it in great letters.

But unto this they add withal, that I should wish the King had sent me to Newgate when he sent me ambassador.

I confess frankly, I never begged the office; and, but for the obedience to my master, I would have utterly refused it. And how I excused the taking of it, my Lords of the Council can bear me record, as well for that I knew my own inability, whereby I should be wondrously accumbered, for that I was given to a more pleasant kind of life. My cumbrance I found again when I had great matters in hand, meddling with wise men, had no counsel but my own foolish head, a great zeal that the King might be well served by me, a great fear lest anything should quail through my fault. This solicitude, this care troubled me. Mason, Blage, Mr. Hobby, Mr. Dudley, and other that were with me can testify, yea, and my letters oft-times hither, that I wished a meeter man than myself in the room; yea, and that I had been at the plough on that condition. But I never remember, in good faith, that I should in that matter name Newgate. But if I had so said (although it had been foolishly spoken) what proveth this malice, to revenging for my being in the Tower? Would he, trow ye, that would revenge, wish himself in New-

gate? is it not like this matter? A man would think rather, he being an ambassador might do more despite toward the King. There he might play the false knave, and discover, and make misrelation, and such parts.

But what thing is that, that these men would not wrest for their purpose, that wrest such things? They found fault, that I did not them the honour that belonged to the King's ambassadors. I lent not them my horse, when they went out of Barcelona, nor I did not accompany them on the way.

First I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, [and] right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not sit always at the upper end of the table? Went we abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me, whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the most and best commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident. A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. I know no man that did you dishonour, but your unmannerly behaviour, that made ye a laughing stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometime to sweat for shame to see you. Yet let other judge how I hid and covered your faults. But I have not to do to charge you; I will not spend the time about it.

But mark, I pray you, I lent not them my horses: they never desired to go into the town, to walk or

stir out of their lodging: but they had mule, or horse, or both ready for them, foot cloth, and harnessed with velvet of the best that I had for mule or hackney. Marry, it was thought indeed amongst us, that Bonner could have been content to have been upon a genet with gilt harness. These men came in post, and went again in post at their parting. My servants had gotten their post horses ready: would they have had without necessity my horse to have ridden post? I brought them to their horse. Would they, I should have companied them riding in post? Children would not have played the fool so notably. Was not this a pretty article toward treason to be alleged against me by Bonner: Some man might think, that hereby a man might perceive the malice that hath moved my trouble: but yet it shall be more manifest.

Another occasion there is, that I should say, "They were more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors." By my truth, I never liked them indeed for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely they that had to do with them. But that did I not [talk], on my faith, with no stranger. But if I said they were meeter to be parish priests, on my faith I never remember it; and it is not like I should so say; for as far as I could see, neither of them both had greatly any fancy to Mass, and that, ye know, were requisite for a parish priest: for this can all that were there report, that not one of them all, while they were there, said mass, or offered to hear mass, [as] though it was but a superstition. I say, both Mason and I, because of the name that Englishmen then had, to be all Lutherans, were fain to entreat them that we might sometimes shew ourselves in the Church together,

that men conceived not an evil opinion of us. Let Mason be asked of this. It was not like then, that the Bishop of London should sue to have the Scripture in English taken out of the Church.

But I have not to do withal: I must here answer to interrogatories, that upon this occasion belike were ministered against me. Whether he thought that I could be a good subject, that misliketh or repugneth his Prince's proceedings? I say here, as I said unto it, as far as misliking or repugning includeth violent disobedience or seditious persuasion, I think, he is no good subject: but to mislike a building, a choice of an ambassador, or the making of a law, obeying yet nevertheless, or such things proceeding, although peradventure it may be done out of time and place, yet I think, it may be without hurt of allegiance: unless there be a law made to the contrary, which I know not. What say I then to the law of words, which Mason should say, that me thought very hard, and that the first devisers were well served in falling into it, which he thinketh I meant by the Lord Rocheford or the Lord of Essex? This, and if it were offence, it is uncertain by his own saying: and yet I never remember, I said so unto him. But what is it to treason? Do I maintain against the law? do I persuade any violence against the law? it rather includeth allowance of the law, if they were well served, that they suffered for offending in that.

Again, saith Mason, that I should say unto him, "That it was a goodly Act, the Act of Supreme Head, speciously the King's Majesty being so virtuous, so wise, so learned, and so good a prince: but if it should fall into an evil prince, that it were a sore rod." I suppose I have not missaid in that:

For all powers, namely absolute, are sore rods when they fall into evil men's hands; and yet I say, they are to be obeyed by express law of [God]; for that there is no evil prince, but for desert of the people; and no hand over an evil prince but the hand of God. This, upon examining of as many men as have been familiar with me, among whom some words might have escaped me, and sucked out of both of them and of me with such interrogatories; yet is nothing found of me of treason. Yea, and when there is any toward my master within this heart, a sharp sword go thither withal.

But because I bound myself to make this malice of my accusers to appear manifest unto you, let me come to another point of their accusing, which was, by Bonner's letters to the Earl of Essex, that I lived viciously among the Nuns of Barcelona.

To the end ye be fully persuaded and informed of that matter, there be many men in the town, and most of them [gentlemen], which walk upon their horses, and here and there talk with those ladies; and when they will, go and sit, company together with them, talking in their chambers. Earls, Lords, Dukes, use the same, and I among them. I used not the pastime in company of ruffians, but with such, or with Ambassadors of [Ferrara], of Mantua, of Venice, a man of sixty years old, and such vicious company.

I pray you now, let me turn my tale to Bonner: for this riseth of him, yea, and so (I think) doth all the rest: for his crafty malice, I suppose in my conscience, abuseth the other's simpleness.

Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it, or have ye heard it? I grant I do not profess chastity;

but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here, with whom and when. If ye heard it, who is your author? Have you seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure, the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your looks, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask Mason, ask Blage, (Bowes is dead) ask Wolf, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles, that no man might drink of but yourself; and "That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the Signora." This was their talk; it is not my devise: ask other, whether I do lie. But turn to my own part.

What, think you, this man meant sincerely to accuse me of treason, when he seeketh the conjectures to prove my treason by my moaning the first imprisonment, by not lending my horse (wherein also he lieth), by not accompanying him out of town, by misliking them for Ambassadors, and by my vicious living with Nuns. This man thought rather to defame me, than sincerely to accuse me. Like as, I trust, ye will not condemn me for conjectures and likelihoods, and namely so out of all appearance, although you hear them. Likewise, I pray you, give me leave to shew you my conjecture and likelihoods upon these things, and then guess, whether I go nearer the truth: and yet I desire not by them to

be absolved, so that by the other I be not also condemned.

The Earl of Essex belike desired Bonner to be a spy over me, and to advertise him; he thinking that if he might wipe me out of that room, that himself might come to it, as indeed the man is desirous of honour; and for my part I would he had it without envy. That this might be a practice of the Earl of Essex, I think, toward me, not meaning for any treason, but to find whether it were true that I did so good service as was reported, I know by myself; for so would he have had me done for him toward my Lord of Winchester, then being Ambassador in France; and I suppose my said Lord could tell, by Bonner's means and one Barnaby, what a tragedy and a suspect they stirred against him. Well, all this is reconciled. But yet, I say, it is the likelier that he would take that office toward me, that used it to another; and then, conceiving in his mind (and that as God judge me, falsely,) that I had letted him in Spain, that he had no reward of the Emperor, conceived therewithal a malice: and by some inkling that he had, that I misliked his fashion; and upon this he hath built this ungodly work that ye see, that standeth all by invention, conjectures, likelihoods, stretched, wrested, and drawn out of all, (God forbod) without any proof at all.

This far I have had to say upon the foundation and rearing of this accusation against me; and I do not mistrust your wisdom never a whit, but like as ye weigh the chief principles, so weigh ye little these horrible and slanderous words, that of ordinary learned men use both in their indictments and accusations, as at the beginning I declared them to satisfy your conscience: but a great deal better to satisfy

your minds, I touched afore, that this matter two years passed was afore the Council, Mason in hold detained, and all this rehearsed, and he dismissed. I heard thereof, and sued to come home for my declaration. After I came home, I was in hand with the Earl of Essex for that he desired me to let it pass. "I was cleared well enough;" and he told me much of this thing, that I have in the matter rehearsed. If this were not sufficient to satisfy your conscience, then take more with you.

Within six months after that I came home, so far unlike was it, that any of these gear, both then known, examined and dismissed, should be taken for treason, that I was sent again Ambassador to the Emperor at his coming into France, and the King's Grace had rewarded me with a good piece of lands, above my deserving. And then it was said unto me, "I was used for the necessity," yea, and my instrument of my treasons was sent with me, Mr. Mason. I came home in the beginning of the last summer. I ran not away at none of all these goings over. All this while, till now, there hath been no question of this reckoning. If anything of new be against me, which is not alleged, if it be nothing but this, it hath been tried and dismissed. You see what evidence the Counsellors gave against me. The confidence put in my affairs is for you to acquit me. And it is a naughty fear (if any man have any such) to think a Quest dare not acquit a man of treason when they think him clear; for it were a foul slander to the King's Majesty. God be thanked, he is no tyrant: he will no such things against men's conscience: he will but his laws, and his laws with mercy. What displeasure bare he to the Lords for the acquitting the Lord Dacres? Never none; nor will not unto you, if you

do as your conscience leads you. And for a great cause: the law ministereth betwixt the King and his subject an oath to the Quest in favour of the subject, for it supposeth more favour to be born to the Prince than to the party, if the oath bound not Christian men's conscience.

Thus much I thought to say unto you before both God and man to discharge me, that I seem not to perish in my own fault, for lack of declaring my truth; and afore God and all these men, I charge you with my innocent truth, that in case (as God defend) ye be guilty of mine innocent blood, that ye before his tribunal shall be inexcusable. And for conclusion, our Lord put in your hearts to pronounce upon me according as I have willed to the King, my Master, and Sovereign, in heart, will, and wish.

T. W.

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SONGS AND SONNETS.

THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.[1]

THE long love that in my thought I harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth displaying his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer,
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

[1] Translated from Petrarch, Son. 109. Also translated by Surrey: see Aldine edition, p. 12.

THE LOVER WAXETH WISER, AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION.[1]

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,
Nor never shall while that my life doth last:
But of hating myself, that date is past;
And tears continual sore have me wearied
I will not yet in my grave be buried;
Nor on my tomb your name have fixed fast,
As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste
From th' unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.
Then if a heart of amorous faith and will
Content your mind withouten doing grief;
Please it you so to this to do relief:
If otherwise you seek for to fulfil
Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;
And you yourself the cause thereof have been.

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY, AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well yfiled,
To file a file for any smith's intent,
As I was made a filing instrument,
To frame other, while that I was beguiled:
But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled,
And pardoned me, since that I me repent

[1] Petrarch, Son. 61.

Of my lost years, and of my time misspent.
For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.
Yet this trust I have of great apparence,
Since that deceit is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreeable,
That therewithal be done the recompense:
Then guile beguiled plained should be never;
And the reward is little trust for ever.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING STRICKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have pierced my heart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.
Was never man could any thing devise,
Sunbeams to turn with so great vehemence
To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence
Dazed am I; much like unto the guise
Of one stricken with dint of lightning,
Blind with the stroke, and crying[1] here and there;
So call I for help, I not[2] when nor where,
The pain of my fall patiently bearing:
For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,
Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.

[1] Or, erring. [2] i.e. I know not.

THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH, AND DREADETH, TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.[1]

SUCH vain thought as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope, by well assured moan,
Makes me from company to live alone,
In following her whom reason bids me flee.
And after her my heart would fain be gone,
But armed sighs my way do stop anon,
'Twixt hope and dread locking my liberty;
So fleeth she by gentle cruelty.
Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow
One beam of ruth[2] is in her cloudy look:
Which comforts the mind, that erst for fear shook;
That bolded straight the way; then seek I how
To utter forth the smart I bide within;
But such it is, I not how to begin.

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

INSTABLE dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feigned grace.
By good respect, in such a dangerous case,

[1] Petrarch, Son. 136. [2] Compassion, pity.

Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas;
But madest my sprite to live, my care t'encrease,
My body in tempest her delight t'embrace.
The body dead, the spirit had his desire;
Painless was th' one, th' other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire;
And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY, WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jollity,
Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy:
Arise, I say, do May some observance.
Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance;
Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly;
As one whom love list little to advance.
Stephan[1] said true, that my nativity
Mischanced was with the ruler of May.
He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.
In May my wealth, and eke my wits,[2] I say,
Have stond so oft in such perplexity:
Joy; let me dream of your felicity.

[1] Sephane in the Harrington MS. Both Surrey and Wyatt were believers in judicial astrology.
[2] My life, in Wyatt's MS.

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE WITH PHYLLIS.

IF waker[1] care; if sudden pale colour;
If many sighs with little speech to plain:
Now joy, now woe, if they my chere distain;
For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;
To haste or slack, my pace to less, or more:
Be sign of love, then do I love again.
If thou ask whom; sure, since I did refrain
Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,
Th' unfeigned cheer of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had; she hath, and ever shall.
She from myself now hath me in her grace;
She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.
My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose help scant do I live a day.

OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW, AND THE LOVER'S FEIGNED MIRTH.[2]

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt
With th' honourable head did him present,
Covering his heart's gladness, did represent
Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.
Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt[3]

[1] Wakeful. [2] Petrarch, Son. 81. [3] Outshut.

Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,
Laugh'd to his folk, whom sorrow did torment;
His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.
So chanced me, that every passion
The mind hideth by colour contrary,
With feigned visage, now sad, now merry;
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

OF CHANGE IN MIND.

ACH man me telleth I change most my devise;
And on my faith, methink it good reason
To change purpose, like after the season.
For in each case to keep still one guise,
Is meet for them that would be taken wise;
And I am not of such manner condition;
But treated after a diverse fashion;
And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.
But you, this diverseness that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate
Treat you me well, and keep you in that state;
And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,
My word, nor I, shall not be variable,
But always one; your own both firm and stable.

HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE.[1]

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,
Against the sun their eyes for to defend;
And some, because the light doth them offend,
Never appear but in the dark or night:
Other rejoice to see the fire so bright,
And ween to play in it, as they pretend,
But find contrary of it, that they intend.
Alas! of that sort may I be by right;
For to withstand her look I am not able;
Yet can I not hide me in no dark place;
So followeth me remembrance of that face,
That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,
My destiny to behold her doth me lead;
And yet I know I run into the glead.[2]

AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO UTTER HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee from lies and blame,
And to my power always thee honoured,
Unkind tongue! to ill hast thou me rend'red,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.

[1] Petrarch, Son. 12. [2] Hot coal or wood.

In need of succour most when that I am,
To ask reward, thou stand'st like one afraid:
Alway most cold, and if one word be said,
As in a dream, unperfect is the same.
And ye salt tears, against my will each night
That are with me, when I would be alone;
Then are ye gone when I should make my moan:
And ye so ready sighs to make me shright,[1]
Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart;
And only doth my look declare my heart.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER.[2]

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope, I burn, and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft, yet can I not arise;
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,
That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise:
Nor lets me live, nor die, at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see; without tongue I plain:
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health;

[1] Shriek.

[2] In imitation of Petrarch, Son. 104. This sonnet will be found, with some variations, in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ed. 1769, vol. i. p. 169, and in Davison's *Poems*, ed. 1621, book ii. Canzon. viii. p. 108.

I love another, and thus I hate myself;
I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.[1]

MY galley charged with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass
'Tween rock and rock; and eke my foe, alas,
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness:
And every hour, a thought in readiness,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness;
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance:
Wreathed with error, and with ignorance;
The stars be hid that lead me to this pain;
Drowned is reason that should be my comfort,
And I remain despairing of the port.

[1] Petrarch, Son. 156.

OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING[1] the bright beams of those fair eyes,
Where he abides that mine oft moisteth and washeth;
The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,
To rest within his worldly paradise,
And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.
What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth:
Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,
That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.
In such extremity thus is he brought:
Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame:
'Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,
With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,
In sore repentance of his hardiness,
Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

MY love to scorn, my service to retain,
Therein, methought, you used cruelty;
Since with good will I lost my liberty,
To follow her which causeth all my pain.[2]

[1] Observing.
[2] This line is supplied in Nott's edition from the Devonshire MS.

Might never woe yet cause me to refrain;
But only this, which is extremity,
To give me nought, alas, nor to agree
That, as I was, your man I might remain:
But since that thus ye list to order me,
That would have been your servant true and fast;
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And with my loss to leave I must agree:
For as there is a certain time to rage,
So is there time such madness to assuage.

TO HIS LADY, CRUEL OVER HER YIELDING LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,
That snakes have time to cast away their stings:
Against chain'd prisoners what need defence be sought?
The fierce lion will hurt no yielden things:
Why should such spite be nursed then by thought?
Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings;
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischief malice many ways it brings:
Consider eke, that spite availeth nought.
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings:
Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought,
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs:
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

HOW UNPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET IN LOVE.[1]

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,
Desire increasing, ay my hope uncertain
With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;
For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.
Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding,
The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,
The Thames shall back return into his fountain,
And where he rose the sun shall take his lodging,
Ere I in this find peace or quietness;
Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,
Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.
And if I have after such bitterness,
One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste,
That all my trust and travail is but waste.

OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S MIND.[2]

LOVE, Fortune, and my mind which do remember
Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,
Torment my heart so sore, that very often

[1] Petrarch, Son. 44. [2] Ib. Son. 99.

I hate and envy them beyond all measure.
Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver
Of all my comfort; the foolish mind then
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome
Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure
My pleasant days they fleet and pass;
And daily doth mine ill change to the worse:
While more than half is run now of my course.
Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,
I see that from my hand falleth my trust,
And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED HEART TO BE RECEIVED.[1]

HOW oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,
With my great pain to get some peace or truce,
Given you my heart; but you do not use
In so high things, to cast your mind so low.
If any other look for it, as you trow,
Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse:
And that thus I disdain, that you refuse;
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If you it chafe, that it in you can find,
In this exile, no manner of comfort,
Nor live alone, nor where he is called resort;
He may wander from his natural kind.
So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,
And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.

[1] Petrarch, Son. 19.

THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains
So is my painful life, the burden of ire;
For high be they, and high is my desire;
And I of tears, and they be full of fountains:
Under craggy rocks they have barren plains;
Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire:
Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,
With small effect great trust in me remains:
The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast:
Hot sighs in me continually be shed:
Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;
Unmovable am I, and they steadfast.
Of singing birds they have the tune and note;
And I always plaints passing through my throat.

CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS AND LOVING OTHER.[1]

IF amorous faith, or if a heart unfeigned,
A sweet languor, a great lovely desire,
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,
If long error in a blind maze chained,
If in my visage each thought distained,
Or if my sparkling voice, lower or higher,

[1] Petrarch, Son. 188.

Which fear and shame so wofully doth tire;
If pale colour, which love, alas, hath stained,
If to have another than myself more dear,
If wailing or sighing continually,
With sorrowful anger feeding busily,
If burning afar off, and if freezing near,
Are cause that I by love myself destroy,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND LOVE.[1]

MY heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,
But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.
I served thee, not that I should be forsaken;
But, that I should receive reward again,
I was content thy servant to remain;
And not to be repayed after this fashion.
Now, since in thee there is none other reason,
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.
Unsatiate of my woe, and thy desire;
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault:
But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe, bearing in hand,
Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

[1] From two Strambotti of Serafino.—*Nott.*

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS STATE.

THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast,
Sometime break forth, and they can well declare
The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,
The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.
The water'd eyen from whence the tears do fall,
Do feel some force, or else they would be dry;
The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,
And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall:
And he that lust to see, and to discern
How care can force within a wearied mind,
Come he to me, I am that place assign'd:
But for all this, no force, it doth no harm;
The wound, alas, hap in some other place,
From whence no tool away the scar can raze.
But you, that of such like have had your part,
Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so dear,
I thought it good my state should now appear
To you, and that there is no great desert.
A d whereas you, in weighty matters great,
Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,
Fo trifling things I now am stricken so,
That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat,
I sit alone, save on the second day
My fever comes, with whom I spend my time
In burning heat, while that she list assign.
And who hath health and liberty alway,
Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,
To have the like of this my painful stroke.

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THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS LOVE.[1]

THE pillar perish'd is whereto I leant,
The strongest stay of my unquiet mind;
The like of it no man again can find,
From east to west still seeking though he went,
To mine unhap. For hap away hath rent
Of all my joy the very bark and rind:
And I, alas, by chance am thus assign'd
Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a woful heart;
My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,
My mind in woe, my body full of smart;
And I myself, myself always to hate,
Till dreadful death do ease my doleful state.

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever;
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec, and Plato, call me from thy lore,
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour;
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,

[1] Petrarch, Son. 229

Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But scaped forth thence, since, liberty is lever
Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority:
With idle youth go use thy property,[2]
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:
For, hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.

THE LOVER DESPAIRING TO ATTAIN UNTO HIS LADY'S GRACE RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.

WHOSO list to hunt? I know where is an hind!
But as for me, alas! I may no more,
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;
I am of them that furthest come behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow; I leave off therefore,
Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt
As well as I, may spend his time in vain!
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck round about;
'Noli me tangere; for Cæsar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

[1] Preferable, of more estimation.
[2] Go exercise those qualities which form thy property

THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE BY NATURE FICKLE.

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin
To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn ;[1]
Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.
And some there be that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath outworn the favour that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed ;
But let it pass, and think it is of kind
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE LOVER'S HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH.[2]

I ABIDE, and abide ; and better abide,
After the old proverb the happy day
And ever my Lady to me doth say,

[1] To cease or stop.
[2] According to Dr. Nott, the allusion in this sonnet is to Anne Boleyn.

'Let me alone, and I will provide.'
I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,
And with abiding speed well ye may.
Thus do I abide I wot alway,
N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.
Aye me! this long abiding
Seemeth to me, as who sayeth
A prolonging of a dying death,
Or a refusing of a desired thing.
Much were it better for to be plain,
Than to say, 'Abide,' and yet not obtain.

HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE;

FOR NO ONE CAN RESTRAIN A WILLING MIND.

HOUGH I myself be bridled of my mind,
Returning me backward by force express;
If thou seek honour, to keep thy promess
Who may thee hold, but thou thyself unbind?
Sigh then no more, since no way man may find
Thy virtue to let, though that forwardness
Of Fortune me holdeth; and yet as I may guess,
Though other be present thou art not all behind.
Suffice it then that thou be ready there
At all hours; still under the defence
Of Time, Truth, and Love to save thee from offence.
Crying I burn in a lovely desire,
With my dear Mistress that may not follow;
Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.

THE DESERTED LOVER

WISHETH THAT HIS RIVAL MIGHT EXPERIENCE THE SAME FORTUNE HE HIMSELF HAD TASTED.

TO rail or jest, ye know I use it not;
Though that such cause sometime in folks I find.
And though to change ye list to set your mind,
Love it who list, in faith I like it not.
And if ye were to me, as ye are not,
I would be loth to see you so unkind:
But since your fault must needs be so by kind;
Though I hate it I pray you love it not.
Things of great weight I never thought to crave,
This is but small; of right deny it not:
Your feigning ways, as yet forget them not.
But like reward let other Lovers have;
That is to say, for service true and fast,
Too long delays, and changing at the last.

RONDEAUX.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love, thy power how she despiseth;
My grievous pain how little she regardeth:
The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet, she bideth sure,

Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth:
Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth:
To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;
To me spiteful, without just cause or measure:
Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.
I am in hold, but if thee pity moveth,
Go, bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,
And with some stroke revenge the displeasure
Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,
And, as his lord, thee lowly here entreateth.
Behold, Love!

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?
To strive by steadfastness for to attain
How to be just, and flee from doubleness?
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.
Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign:
True meaning heart is had in high disdain.
Against deceit and cloaked doubleness,
What 'vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness?
Deceived is he by false and crafty train,
That means no guile, and faithful doth remain
Within the trap, without help or redress:
But for to love, lo, such a stern mistress,
Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.
What 'vaileth truth!

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOVE HIS SUIT.[1]

GO, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart,
To break the ice, which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce; and if that mortal prayer
In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire
That death or mercy end my woful smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.
Go, burning sighs, fulfil that I desire,
I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart:
Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her,
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,
That from my breast deceivably doth start.
Go burning sighs!

THE LOVER SEEKING FOR HIS LOST HEART.

PRAYETH THAT IT MAY BE KINDLY ENTREATED BY WHOMSOEVER FOUND.

HELP me to seek! for I lost it there;
And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,
And seek to convey it secretly,

[1] Petrarch, Son. 120.

Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly,
Or else it will plain, and then appair.[1]
But pray restore it mannerly,
Since that I do ask it thus honestly,
For to lese it, it sitteth me near;
Help me to seek!

Alas! and is there no remedy:
But have I thus lost it wilfully.
I wis it was a thing all too dear
To be bestowed, and wist not where.
It was mine heart! I pray you heartily
Help me to seek.

HE DETERMINETH TO CEASE TO LOVE.

FOR to love her for her looks lovely,
My heart was set in thought right firmly,
Trusting by truth to have had redress;
But she hath made another promess,
And hath given me leave full honestly.
Yet do I not rejoice it greatly;
For on my faith I loved too surely,
But reason will that I do cesse,
For to love her.
Since (that in love the pains been deadly,)
Methink it best that readily
I do return to my first address;
For at this time too great is the press,
And perils appear too abundantly,
For to love her.

[1] Bring to decay.

OF THE FOLLY OF LOVING WHEN THE SEASON OF LOVE IS PAST.

YE old mule![1] that think yourself so fair,
Leave off with craft your beauty to repair,
For it is time without any fable;
No man setteth now by riding in your saddle!
Too much travail so do your train appair;
Ye old mule!
With false favour though you deceive th'ayes,
Who so taste you shall well perceive your layes
Savoureth somewhat of a keeper's stable;
Ye old mule!
Ye must now serve to market, and to fair,
All for the burthen, for panniers a pair;
For since grey hairs ben powder'd in your sable,
The thing ye seek for, you must yourself enable
To purchase it by payment and by prayer;
Ye old mule!

THE ABUSED LOVER RESOLVETH TO FORGET HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

WHAT no, perdie! ye may be sure!
Think not to make me to your lure,
With words and chere so contrarying,
Sweet and sower countre-weighing,[2]

[1] The word "mule" was a word used formerly to describe a woman of a licentious character.—*Nott.*

[2] Weighing one against another.

Too much it were still to endure.
Truth is tried, where craft is in ure,
But though ye have had my heartes cure,
Trow ye! I dote without ending?
What no, perdie!
Though that with pain I do procure
For to forget that once was pure;
Within my heart shall still that thing
Unstable, unsure, and wavering,
Be in my mind without recure?
What no, perdie!

THE ABSENT LOVER PERSUADETH HIMSELF THAT HIS MISTRESS WILL NOT HAVE THE POWER TO FORSAKE HIM.

IF it be so that I forsake thee,
As banished from thy company;
Yet my heart, my mind, and my affection,
Shall still remain in thy perfection,
And right as thou list so order me.
But some would say in their opinion,
Revolted is thy good intention.
Then may I well blame thy cruelty,
If it be so.
But myself I say on this fashion;
'I have her heart in my possession,
And of itself cannot, perdie!
By no means love, an heartless body!'
And on my faith good is the reason,
If it be so.

THE RECURED LOVER RENOUNCETH HIS FICKLE MISTRESS FOR HER NEW-FANGLENESS.

THOU hast no faith of him that hath none,
But thou must love him needs by reason;
For as saith a proverb notable,
Each thing seeketh his semblable,
And thou hast thine of thy condition.
Yet is it not the thing I pass on,
Nor hot nor cold is mine affection!
For since thine heart is so mutable,
Thou hast no faith!
I thought thee true without exception,
But I perceive I lacked discretion:
To fashion faith to words mutable,
Thy thought is too light and variable
To change so oft without occasion.
Thou hast no faith!

ODES.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.[1]

MY lute awake, perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste
And end that I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute! be still, for I have done.
As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead to grave in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute! for I have done.
The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby[2] my lute and I have done.
Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,

[1] This charming Ode is ascribed to Lord Rochford in *Nugæ Antiquæ*, ii. 400, edit. Park; but it is contained in Sir Thomas Wyatt's own MS, and is signed with his name in his own handwriting.—*Nott's Wyatt*, p. 20.

[2] Wherefore.

Although my lute and I have done.
Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain;
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit[1] to cause thy lovers plain;
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee[2] lie withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told:
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste;
And ended is that we begun:
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING OF HIS LOVE.

ONCE, as methought, Fortune me kissed,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me list,
Therewith to set my heart in rest.

[1] Unacquitted, free. [2] It may chance you may, &c.

I asked but my lady's heart,
To have for evermore mine own;
Then at an end were all my smart;
Then should I need no more to moan.

Yet for all that a stormy blast
Had overturn'd this goodly nay;[1]
And fortune seemed at the last
That to her promise she said nay.

But like as one out of despair,
To sudden hope revived I;
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,
That I content me wondrously.

My most desire my hand may reach,
My will is alway at my hand;
Me need not long for to beseech
Her, that hath power me to command.

What earthly thing more can I crave?
What would I wish more at my will?
Nothing on earth more would I have?
Save that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her promess,
In granting me my most desire:
Of my sovereign[2] I have redress,
And I content me with my hire.

[1] Day.—*Nott.* [2] Sufferance.—*Nott.*

THE LOVER SHEWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking in continual change.
Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especial,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'
It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:
But all is turn'd now through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness;
And she also to use new fangleness.
But since that I unkindly so am served:
How like you this, what hath she now deserved?

THE LOVER TO HIS BED, WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

THE restful place! renewer of my smart,
The labours' salve! increasing my sorrow,
The body's ease, and troubler of my heart,
Quieter of mind, mine unquiet foe,
Forgetter of pain, rememberer of my woe;
The place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,
Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake!

The frosty snows may not redress my heat,
Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold,
I know nothing to ease my pains so great;
Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,
Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,
Such overthwart effects in me they make:
Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.

But all for nought, I find no better ease
In bed or out: this most causeth my pain,
Where I do seek how best that I may please;
My lost labour, alas, is all in vain:
My heart once set, I cannot it refrain;
No place from me my grief away can take;
Wherefore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS LOVE DOTH NOT PITY HIM.

RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain;
Both hills and vales causing reflexion;
And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges, lo, to hear my exclamation:
Among whom ruth, I find, yet doth remain;
Where I it seek, alas, there is disdain.

Oft ye, rivers, to hear my woful sound
Have stopt your course: and plainly to express
Many a tear by moisture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness:
Which causeless I endure without redress.
The hugy oaks have roared in the wind:
Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.

Why then, alas, doth not she on me rue?
Or is her heart so hard that no pity
May in it sink, my joy for to renew?
O stony heart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloaked with beauty;
That from thee may no grace to me proceed,
But as reward, death for to be my meed?

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF FORSAKEN.

WHERE shall I have at mine own will,
Tears to complain? where shall I fet[1]
Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaints repeat?
For, though my plaint shall have none end,
My tears cannot suffice my woe:
To moan my harm have I no friend;
For Fortune's friend is mishap's foe.
Comfort, God wot, else have I none,
But in the wind to waste my wordes;
Nought moveth you my deadly moan,
But still you turn it into bordes.[2]
I speak not now, to move your heart,
That you should rue upon my pain;
The sentence given may not revert:
I know such labour were but vain.
But since that I for you, my dear,
Have lost that thing, that was my best;
A right small loss it must appear
To lose these words, and all the rest.
But though they sparkle in the wind,
Yet shall they shew your falsed faith;
Which is returned to his kind;
For like to like, the proverb saith.
Fortune and you did me avance;
Methought I swam, and could not drown:
Happiest of all; but my mischance

[1] Fetch. [2] Jests.

Did lift me up, to throw me down.
And you with her, of cruelness
Did set your foot upon my neck,
Me, and my welfare, to oppress;
Without offence your heart to wreck.
Where are your pleasant words, alas?
Where is your faith? your steadfastness?
There is no more but all doth pass,
And I am left all comfortless.
But since so much it doth you grieve,
And also me my wretched life,
Have here my truth: nought shall relieve,
But death alone, my wretched strife.
Therefore farewell, my life, my death;
My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore;
Farewell also, with you my breath;
For I am gone for evermore.

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED LOVE.

FAREWELL the heart of cruelty!
Though that with pain my liberty
Dear have I bought, and wofully
Finish'd my fearful tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure;
A good cause just, since I endure
Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,
Shall therewith go me to recure.[1]

[1] Recover

I fare as one escap'd that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth
Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth
That he for nought his pain leseth.[1]
In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,
Thus to sustain of each a part.
Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH ALLUREMENTS.

IT may be good, like it who list;
But I do doubt: who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet have I mist;
And now again I fear the same.
The words, that from your mouth last came,
Of sudden change, make me aghast;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas, I tread an endless maze,
That seek t' accord two contraries:
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,
Imprisoned in liberties:
As one unheard, and still that cries;
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Assured, I doubt I be not sure;
Should I then trust unto such surety;
That oft hath put the proof in ure,

[1] Loseth.

And never yet have found it trusty?
Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly:
And yet my life thus do I waste;
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE

THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUIT HAD HAPPILY MADE HIM FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

IN faith I wot not what to say,
Thy chances been so wonderous,
Thou Fortune, with thy divers play
That makest the joyful dolorous,
And eke the same right joyous.
Yet though thy chain hath me enwrapt,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And seekest by change to do me pain:
Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order;
For honesty, if it remain,
Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.
In vain thou seekest to have me trapped;
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou further;
And made a gap, where was a stile:
Cruel wills been oft put under;
Weening to lour, then didst thou smile:
Lord, how thyself thou didst beguile,
That in thy cares wouldst me have wrapt?
But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.

THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE

MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SUCH HIS LOVE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

MARVEL no more although
The songs, I sing, do moan;
For other life than woe,
I never proved none.
And in my heart also
Is graven with letters deep,
A thousand sighs and mo,
A flood of tears to weep.
How many a man in smart
Find matter to rejoice?
How many a mourning heart
Set forth a pleasant voice?
Play, who so can, that part,
Needs must in me appear
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my mourning cheer.
Perdie there is no man,
If he saw never sight,
That perfectly tell can
The nature of the light.
Alas, how should I than,
That never taste but sour,
But do as I began,
Continually to lour.
But yet perchance some chance
May chance to change my tune,

And when souch[1] chance doth chance,
Then shall I thank fortune.
And if I have souch chance,
Perchance ere it be long,
For souch a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS AND TEARS TO SUE FOR GRACE.

PASS forth, my wonted cries,
Those cruel ears to pierce,
Which in most hateful wise
Do still my plaints reverse.
Do you, my tears, also
So wet her barren heart,
That pity there may grow,
And cruelty depart.
For though hard rocks among
She seems to have been bred,
And of the tiger long
Been nourished and fed;
Yet shall not nature change,
If pity once win place;
Whom as unknown and strange
She now away doth chase.

[1] Selden observes: "It seems the lady's name was either Souche or Chance;" but if either, Dr. Nott conjectures that it was the Mistress Souche whose portrait occurs among the Holbein heads.

And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft
Hard stones doth pierce at length:
So in her stony heart
My plaints at last shall grave,
And, rigour set apart,
Win grant of that I crave.
Wherefore, my plaints, present
Still so to her my suit,
As ye, through her assent,
May bring to me some fruit.
And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regard;
And render love for love;
Which is a just reward.

THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN HOWEVER HE DISSEMBLE.

YOUR looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold;
Though hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.
Fain would ye find a cloak
Your brenning[1] fire to hide,

[1] Burning.

Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide,
That it no issue win:
Abroad needs must it glide,
That brens so hot within.
For cause yourself do wink,
Ye judge all other blind;
And secret it you think,
Which every man doth find,
In waste oft spend ye wind.
Yourself in love to quit;
For agues of that kind
Will shew who hath the fit.
Your sighs you fetch from far,
And all to wry[1] your woe;
Yet are ye ne'er the narre:[2]
Men are not blinded so.
Deeply oft swear ye no;
But all those oaths are vain:
So well your eye doth shew,
Who puts your heart to pain.
Think not therefore to hide,
That still itself betrays:
Nor seek means to provide
To dark the sunny days.
Forget those wonted ways;
Leave off such frowning cheer;
There will be found no stays,
To stop a thing so clear.

[1] To turn aside. [2] Never the nearer.

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

DISDAIN me not without desert,
Nor leave me not so suddenly;
Since well ye wot, that in my heart
I mean ye not[1] but honestly.
Refuse me not without cause why;
For think me not to be unjust;
Since that by lot of fantasy,
This careful knot needs knit I must.
Mistrust me not, though some there be,
That fain would spot my steadfastness:
Believe them not, since that ye see,
The proof is not, as they express.
Forsake me not, till I deserve;
Nor hate me not, till I offend;
Destroy me not, till that I swerve:
But since ye know what I intend,
Disdain me not, that am your own;
Refuse me not, that am so true;
Mistrust me not, till all be known;
Forsake me not now for no new.

[1] Nought.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE WITH SUIT FOR GRACE.

FOR want of will in woe I plain,
Under colour of soberness;
Renewing with my suit my pain,
My wanhope[1] with your steadfastness.
Awake therefore of gentleness;
Regard, at length, I you require,
My swelting pains of my desire.

Betimes who giveth willingly,
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve;[2]
And I that sue unfeignedly,
In fruitless hope, alas! do sterve.[3]
How great my cause is for to swerve,
And yet how steadfast is my suit,
Lo, here ye see: where is the fruit?

As hound that hath his keeper lost,
Seek I your presence to obtain;
In which my heart delighteth most,
And shall delight though I be slain.
You may release my band of pain;
Loose then the care that makes me cry
For want of help, or else I die.

I die, though not incontinent;
By process, yet consumingly,
As waste of fire which doth relent:

[1] Despair.
[2] In allusion to the adage, "Bis dat, qui cito dat."
[3] Do die.

If you as wilful will deny.
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,
And take me wholly in your grace;
Which lacketh will to change his place.

THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS.

IF ever man might him avaunt
Of Fortune's friendly cheer;
It was myself, I must it grant,
For I have bought it dear:
And dearly have I held also
The glory of her name,
In yielding her such tribute, lo!
As did set forth her fame.

Sometime I stood so in her grace,
That, as I would require,
Each joy I thought did me embrace,
That furthered my desire:
And all those pleasures, lo! had I,
That fancy might support;
And nothing she did me deny
That was unto my comfort.

I had, what would you more, perdie?
Each grace that I did crave;
Thus Fortune's will was unto me
All thing that I would have:
But all too rathe,[1] alas the while!

[1] Soon, early.

She built on such a ground:
In little space, too great a guile
In her now have I found.
For she hath turned so her wheel,
That I, unhappy man,
May wail the time that I did feel
Wherewith she fed me than:[1]
For broken now are her behests,
And pleasant looks she gave,
And therefore now all my requests
From peril cannot save.
Yet would I well it might appear
To her my chief regard;
Though my deserts have been too dear
To merit such reward:
Since Fortune's will is now so bent
To plague me thus, poor man,
I must myself therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

TO HIS LOVE THAT HATH GIVEN HIM ANSWER OF REFUSAL.

THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,
When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,
Hath so appall'd my countenance and my cheer,
That in this case I am all comfortless;
Since I of blame no cause can well express.

[1] Then.

I have no wrong, where I can claim no right,
Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite;
Namely, since that another may be glad
With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.
Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,
That knoweth not of any grant at all;
And by desert, I dare well make avaunt
Of faithful will; there is nowhere that shall
Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.
Now good then, call again that bitter word,
That touch'd your friend so near with pangs of pain;
And say, my dear, that it was said in borde:[1]
Late, or too soon, let it not rule the gain,
Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

UNWARILY so was never no man caught,
With steadfast look upon a goodly face,
As I of late: for suddenly, methought,
My heart was torn out of his place.
Through mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,
And down directly to my heart it ran;
In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,
And left my face both pale and wan.
Then was I like a man for woe amazed,

[1] In jest.

Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire;
For while that I upon her beauty gazed,
The more I burn'd in my desire.
Anon the blood start in my face again,
Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my heart,
And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,
A quaking heat with pleasant smart.
Then was I like the straw, when that the flame
Is driven therein by force and rage of wind;
I cannot tell, alas! what I shall blame,
Nor what to seek, nor what to find.
But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore
In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread,
That, but her help to health doth me restore,
This restless life I may not lead.

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS,

WHEREWITH HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED.

PERDIE I said it not;
Nor never thought to do:
As well as I, ye wot,
I have no power thereto.
And if I did, the lot,
That first did me enchain,
May never slake the knot,
But straight it to my pain!
And if I did each thing,
That may do harm or woe,
Continually may wring

My heart where so I go!
Report may always ring
Of shame on me for aye,
If in my heart did spring
The words that you do say.
And if I did, each star,
That is in heaven above,
May frown on me to mar
The hope I have in love!
And if I did, such war
As they brought unto Troy,
Bring all my life as far
From all his lust and joy!
And if I did so say,
The beauty that me bound,
Increase from day to day
More cruel to my wound!
With all the moan that may,
To plaint may turn my song;
My life may soon decay,
Without redress, by wrong!
If I be clear from thought,
Why do you then complain?
Then is this thing but sought
To turn my heart to pain.
Then this that you have wrought,
You must it now redress;
Of right therefore you ought
Such rigour to repress.
And as I have deserved,
So grant me now my hire;
You know I never swerved,
You never found me liar.

For Rachel have I served,
For Leah cared I never;
And her I have reserved
Within my heart for ever.

THE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN FIRST HE FELL IN LOVE.

WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy fair beauty to behold;
And when my ears listened to hark
The pleasant words, that thou me told;
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lips 'gan first to move,
Whereby my heart to thee was known,
And when my tongue did talk of love
To thee that hast true love down thrown;
I would my lips and tongue also
Had then been dumb, no deal to go.[1]
And when my hands have handled aught
That thee hath kept in memory,
And when my feet have gone and sought
To find and get thee company,
I would each hand a foot had been,
And I each foot a hand had seen.
And when in mind I did consent,
To follow this my fancy's will,

[1] Not to move at all.

And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait, my life to spill;
I would my heart had been as thine,
Or else thy heart had been as mine.[1]

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE FAITHFULLY.

SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,
Of very force I must agree:
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall alway myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good-will I find but hate,
And cruelly my life to waste,
And though that still a wretched state
Should pine my days unto the last,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my heart is bound to serve,
And I not ruler of mine own,

[1] This piece, with some variations, is printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, edit. 1810, p. 57, with the signature W. H. (William Hunnis). The second stanza is omitted, and the following concluding one is added:—

"Then should I not such cause have found
To wish this monstrous sight to see,
Ne thou, alas! that mad'st the wound
Should not deny me remedy.
Then should one will in both remain
To grant one heart, which now is twain."

Whatso befall, till that I sterve
By proof full well it shall be known,
That I shall still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.
Yea! though my grief find no redress,
But still increase before mine eyes,
Though my reward be cruelness,
With all the harm hap can devise,
Yet I profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.
Yea! though Fortune her pleasant face
Should shew, to set me up aloft;
And straight my wealth for to deface,
Should writhe away, as she doth oft;
Yet would I still myself apply
To serve and suffer patiently.
There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel, or after shall,
That from this mind they make me go;
And, whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly,
To serve and suffer patiently.

TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?
What power? what plague doth weary thus my mind?
Within my bones to rankle is assigned,
What poison pleasant sweet?
Lo! see, mine eyes flow with continual tears,
The body still away sleepless it wears;

My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,
Nor doth my limbs sustain.
In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn
To cureless scar that never shall return:
Go to, triumph, rejoice thy goodly turn,
Thy friend thou dost oppress.
Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,
Fierce tiger fell! hard rock without recure!
Cruel rebel to love!
Once may thou love, never beloved again,
So love thou still, and not thy love obtain,
So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,
May threat thy cruel heart!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE

SEE that chance hath chosen me
Thus secretly to live in pain,
And to another given the fee,
Of all my loss to have the gain:
By chance assign'd thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.
Unto myself sometime alone
I do lament my woful case;
But what availeth me to moan
Since truth and pity hath no place
In them, to whom I sue and serve?
And other have that I deserve.
To seek by mean to change this mind,
Alas! I prove, it will not be;
For in my heart I cannot find

Once to refrain, but still agree,
As bound by force, alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.
Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most that love me least;
And to my pain to seek, and crave
The thing that other have possest:
So thus in vain alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve.
And till I may appease the heat,
If that my hap will hap so well,
To wail my woe my heart shall frete,
Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell;
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE,

OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

IKE as the bird within the cage inclosed,
The door unsparred, her foe the hawk without,
'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,
Whether for to choose standeth in doubt;
Lo! so do I, which seek to bring about,
Which should be best by determination,
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison.
O mischief! by mischief to be redressed,
Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure,
By short death better to be delivered,
Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour:

Small is the pleasure, where much pain we suffer,
Rather therefore to choose me thinketh wisdom,
By loss of life liberty, than life by prison,
And yet, methinks, although I live and suffer,
I do but wait a time and fortune's chance;
Oft many things do happen in one hour;
That which oppress'd me now may me advance.
In time is trust, which by death's grievance
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason
By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.
But death were deliverance, where life lengths pain,
Of these two ills let see now choose the best,
This bird to deliver that here doth plain:
What say ye, lovers? which shall be the best?
In cage thraldom, or by the hawk oppress:
And which to choose make plain conclusion,
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison?

HE RULETH NOT, THOUGH HE REIGN

OVER REALMS, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.
If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,

Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand fold,
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

GIVETH TO HIS MISTRESS HIS HEART AS HIS BEST AND ONLY TREASURE.

O seek each where where man doth live,
The sea, the land, the rock, the clive,[1]
France, Spain, and Inde, and every where;
Is none a greater gift to give,
Less set by oft, and is so lief and dear,
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.[2]
I cannot give broaches nor rings,
These goldsmith work, and goodly things,
Pierrie,[3] nor pearl, orient and clear;
But for all that can no man bring
Lieffer[4] jewel unto his lady dear,
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.

[1] Cliff.
[2] i.e. for this year.
[3] Precious stones.
[4] Dearer.

Nor I seek not to fetch it far;
Worse is it not tho' it be narr,
And as it is, it doth appear
Uncounterfeit mistrust to bar.
It is both whole, and pure, withouten peer,
Dare I will say, the gift I give to year.
To thee therefore the same retain;
The like of thee to have again
France would I give, if mine it were.
Is none alive in whom doth reign
Lesser disdain; freely therefore lo! here
Dare I well give, I say, my heart to year.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SORROW OF TRUE LOVERS' PARTING.

THERE was never nothing more me pain'd,
Nor more my pity mov'd,
As when my sweetheart her complain'd,
That ever she me lov'd.
Alas! the while!
With piteous look she said, and sight,[1]
'Alas! what aileth me?
To love, and set my wealth so light,
On him that loveth not me;
Alas! the while!
'Was I not well void of all pain,
When that nothing me griev'd?
And now with sorrows I must complain,

[1] Sighed.

And cannot be reliev'd,
Alas! the while!
'My restful nights, and joyful days,
Since I began to love
Be take from me; all thing decays,
Yet can I not remove,
Alas! the while!'
She wept and wrung her hands withal,
The tears fell in my neck;
She turned her face, and let it fall;
And scarce therewith could speak:
Alas! the while!
Her pains tormented me so sore
That comfort had I none,
But cursed my fortune more and more
To see her sob and groan,
Alas! the while!

THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS STONY HEARTED MISTRESS TO HEAR HIM COMPLAIN ERE THAT HE DIE.

EAVEN, and earth, and all that hear me plain
Do well perceive what care doth make me cry;
Save you alone, to whom I cry in vain;
Mercy, Madam, alas! I die, I die!
If that you sleep, I humbly you require

Forbear a while, and let your rigour slake,
Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;
To hear my plaint, dear heart, awake! awake!

Since that so oft ye have made me to wake
In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;
Displease you not if force do now me make
To break your sleep, crying alas! alas!

It is the last trouble that ye shall have
Of me, Madam, to hear my last complaint;
Pity at least your poor unhappy slave,
For in despair, alas! I faint, I faint.

It is not now, but long and long ago
I have you served, as to my power and might
As faithfully as any man might do;
Claiming of you nothing of right, of right.

Save of your grace only to stay my life
That fleeth as fast as cloud before the wind;
For since that first I entered in this strife,
An inward death hath fret my mind, my mind.

If I had suffered this to you unware
Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame;
But since you know my woe and all my care,
Why do I die, alas! for shame! for shame!

I know right well my face, my look, my tears,
Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary chere
Have cried my death full oft unto your ears;
Hard of belief it doth appear, appear.

A better proof I see that ye would have;
How I am dead, therefore, when ye hear tell
Believe it not, although ye see my grave;
Cruel! unkind! I say farewell! farewell!

HE REJOICETH THE OBTAINING THE FAVOUR OF THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

AFTER great storms the calm returns,
And pleasanter it is thereby;
Fortune likewise that often turns,
Hath made me now the most happy.

The Heaven that pitied my distress,
My just desire, and my cry;
Hath made my languor to cease,
And me also the most happy.

Whereto dispaired ye, my friends?
My trust alway in her did lie
That knoweth what my thought intends;
Whereby I live the most happy.

Lo! what can take hope from that heart
That is assurèd steadfastly;
Hope therefore ye that live in smart,
Whereby I am the most happy.

And I that have felt of your pain
Shall pray to God continually,
To make your hope, your health retain,
And me also the most happy.

THE LOVER PRAYETH VENUS TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

THOUGH this the port, and I thy servant true,
And thou thyself dost cast thy beams from high
From thy chief house,[1] promising to renew
Both joy and eke delight, behold yet how that I,
Banished from my bliss, carefully do cry.
Help now Cytheræa! my lady dear.
My fearful trust, 'En vogant la Galere.'

Alas! the doubt that dreadful absence giveth!
Without thine aid assurance is there none;
The firm faith that in the water fleteth
Succour thou therefore, in thee it is alone.
Stay that with faith, that faithfully doth moan,
Thou also givest me both hope and fear,
Remember me then, 'En vogant Galere.'

By seas, and hills elonged from thy sight,
Thy wonted grace reducing to my mind,
Instead of sleep thus I occupy the night;
A thousand thoughts, and many doubts I find,
And still I trust thou canst not be unkind,
Or else despair my comfort and my chere
Would she forthwith, 'En vogant la Galere.'

Yet, on my faith! full little doth remain
Of any hope whereby I may myself uphold;
For since that only words do me retain,

[1] An expression borrowed from judicial astrology.—*Nott.*

I may well think the affection is but cold.
But since my will is nothing as I would,
And in thy hands it resteth whole and clear,
Forget me not, 'En vogant la Galere.'

THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY OF HIS LADY'S HAND.

GOODLY hand,
Wherein doth stand,
My heart distract in pain:
Dear hand, alas!
In little space
My life thou dost restrain.

O fingers slight,
Departed right,
So long, so small, so round!
Goodly begone,
And yet a bone
Most cruel in my wound.

With lilies white
And roses bright
Doth strain thy colour fair:
Nature did lend
Each finger's end
A pearl for to repair.

Consent at last,
Since that thou hast
My heart in thy demain,
For service true
On me to rue,
And reach me love again.

And if not so
There with more woe
Enforce thyself to strain
This simple heart,
That suffered smart,
And rid it out of pain.

THAT THE EYE BEWRAYETH ALWAY THE SECRET AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

AND if an eye may save or slay,
And strike more deep than weapon long;
And if an eye by subtle play,
May move one more than any tongue;
How can ye say that I do wrong,
Thus to suspect without desert?
For the eye is traitor to the heart.
To frame all well, I am content
That it were done unweetingly;
But yet I say, (who will assent,)
To do but well, do nothing why
That men should deem the contrary;
For it is said by men expert;
That the eye is traitor of the heart.

But yet, alas! that look, all soul,
That I do claim of right to have,
Should not, methink——go seek the school,
To please all folk, for who can crave
Friendlier thing than heart witsave[1]
By look to give in friendly part;
For the eye is traitor of the heart.

And my suspect is without blame;
For as ye say, not only I
But other mo have deem'd the same;
Then is it not [my] jealousy,
But subtle look of reckless eye
Did range too far, to make me smart;
For the eye is traitor of the heart.

But I your Friend shall take it thus,
Since you will so, as stroke of chance;
And leave further for to discuss,
Whether the stroke did stick or glance;
But 'scuse who can, let him advance
Dissembled looks, but for my part,
My eye must still betray my heart.

And of this grief ye shall be quit,
In helping Truth steadfast to go.
The time is long that Truth doth sit
Feeble and weak, and suff'reth woe;
Cherish him well, continue so;
Let him not fro' your heart astart;
Then fears not the eye to shew the heart.

[1] Vouchsafe.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT FAITH MAY NOT AVAIL WITHOUT THE FAVOUR OF FANTASY.

IF Fancy[1] would favour,
As my deserving shall;
My Love, my Paramour,
Should love me best of all.
But if I cannot attain
The grace that I desire,
Then may I well complain
My service, and my hire.
Fancy doth know how
To further my true heart;
If Fancy might avow
With Faith to take part.
But Fancy is so frail
And flitting still so fast,
That Faith may not prevail
To help me, first nor last.
For Fancy at his lust,
Doth rule all but by guess;
Whereto should I then trust
In truth or steadfastness.
Yet gladly would I please
The fancy of her heart,
That may me only ease
And cure my careful smart.

[1] Love.

Therefore, my Lady dear,
Set once your Fantasy
To make some hope appear,
Of steadfast remedy.
For if he be my friend,
And undertake my woe,
My grief is at an end
If he continue so.
Else Fancy doth not right;
As I deserve and shall,
To have you day and night,
To love me best of all.

THAT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE SOMETIMES DISAPPOINTETH HOPE.

MY hope, alas! hath me abused,
And vain rejoicing hath me fed:
Lust and joy have me refused,
And careful plaint is in their stead;
Too much advancing slack'd my speed,
Mirth hath caused my heaviness,
And I remain all comfortless.
Whereto did I assure my thought
Without displeasure steadfastly;
In Fortune's forge my joy was wrought,
And is revolted readily.
I am mistaken wonderly;
For I thought nought but faithfulness;
Yet I remain all comfortless.

In gladsome cheer I did delight,
Till that delight did cause my smart,
And all was wrong when I thought right;
For right it was, that my true heart
Should not from Truth be set apart,
Since Truth did cause my hardiness;
Yet I remain all comfortless.

Sometime delight did tune my song,
And led my heart full pleasantly;
And to myself I said among—
'My hap[1] is coming hastily.'
But it hath happèd contrary.
Assurance causeth my distress,
And I remain all comfortless.

Then if my note now do vary,
And leave his wonted pleasantness;
The heavy burthen that I carry
Hath alter'd all my joyfulness.
No pleasure hath still steadfastness,
But haste hath hurt my happiness;
And I remain all comfortless.

THE LOVER BEMOANETH HIS UNHAPPINESS THAT HE CANNOT OBTAIN GRACE, YET CANNOT CEASE LOVING.

LL heavy minds
Do seek to ease their charge;
And that that most them binds
To let at large.

[1] My hap, i. e. my good fortune.

Then why should I
Hold pain within my heart,
And may my tune apply,
To ease my smart.
My faithful Lute
Alone shall hear me plain,
For else all other suit
Is clean in vain.
For where I sue
Redress of all my grief;
Lo! they do most eschew
My heart's relief.
Alas! my dear!
Have I deserved so?
That no help may appear
Of all my woe!
Whom speak I to?
Unkind, and deaf of ear!
Alas! lo! I go,
And wot not where.
Where is my thought?
Where wanders my desire?
Where may the thing be sought
That I require?
Light in the wind
Doth flee all my delight;
Where truth and faithful mind
Are put to flight.
Who shall me give
Feather'd wings for to flee?
The thing that doth me grieve
That I may see!
Who would go seek

The cause whereby to pain?
Who could his foe beseek[1]
For ease of pain!
My chance doth so
My woful case procure,
To offer to my foe
My heart to cure.
What hope I then
To have any redress!
Of whom, or where, or when?
Who can express!
No! since despair
Hath set me in this case,
In vain is't in the air
To say, Alas!
I seek nothing
But thus for to discharge
My heart of sore sighing,
To plain at large.
And with my lute
Sometime to ease my pain;
For else all other suit
Is clean in vain.

[1] Beseech.

THE MOURNFUL LOVER TO HIS HEART WITH COMPLAINT THAT IT WILL NOT BREAK.

COMFORT thyself, my woful heart,
Or shortly on thyself thee wreak;
For length redoubleth deadly smart;
Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?
To waste in sighs were piteous death;
Alas! I find thee faint and weak.
Enforce thyself to lose thy breath;
Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?
Thou know'st right well that no redress
Is thus to pine; and for to speak,
Perdie! it is remediless;
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
It is too late for to refuse
The yoke, when it is on thy neck!
To shake it off, vaileth not to muse;
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
To sob and sigh it were but vain,
Since there is none that doth it reck;[1]
Alas! thou dost prolong thy pain;
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
Then in her sight to move her heart
Seek on thyself, thyself to wreak,
That she may know thou suffered'st smart;
Sigh there thy last, and therewith break.

[1] To care for.

THE LOVER RENOUNCES HIS CRUEL LOVE FOR EVER.

ALAS! the grief, and deadly woful smart,
The careful chance, shapen afore my shert,[1]
The sorrowful tears, the sighs hot as fire,
That cruel love hath long soked from my heart!
And for reward of over great desire
Disdainful doubleness have I, for my hire.
O! lost service! O pain ill rewarded!
O! pitiful heart! with pain enlarged!
O! faithful mind! too suddenly assented!
Return, alas! sithens thou art not regarded.
Too great a proof of true faith presented,
Causeth by right such faith to be repented.
O cruel causer of undeservèd change,
By great desire unconstantly to range,
Is this your way for proof of steadfastness?
Perdie! you know, the thing was not so strange,
By former proof too much my faithfulness;
What needeth then such coloured doubleness?
I have wailed thus, weeping in nightly pain,
In sobs, and sighs, alas! and all in vain,
In inward plaint, and heart's woful torment.
And yet, alas! lo! cruelty and disdain
Have set at nought a faithful true intent,
And price hath privilege truth to prevent.

[1] From Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*, ver. 1568:

"Y-stiched through my true careful hert,
That shaped was my death *erst than my shert*."

But though I starve, and to my death still mourn,
And piecemeal in pieces though I be torn;
And though I die, yielding my wearied ghost,
Shall never thing again make me return.
I wite thou . . . . of that that I have lost
To whom so ever lust for to prove most.

A COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY'S CRUELTY.

SINCE ye delight to know,
That my torment and woe
Should still increase
Without release,
I shall enforce me so,
That life and all shall go
For to content your cruelness.
And so this grievous train,
That I too long sustain,
Shall sometime cesse,
And have redress,
And you also remain,
Full pleasèd with my pain,
For to content your cruelness.
Unless that be too light,
And that ye would ye might,
See the distress,
And heaviness,
Of one slain outright,
Therewith to please your sight,
And to content your cruelness.

Then in your cruel mood
Would God! forthwith ye would
With force express,
My heart oppress,
To do your heart such good,
To see me bathe in blood,
For to content your cruelness.
Then could ye ask no more;
Then should ye ease my sore,
And the excess
Of my distress;
And you should evermore
Defamèd be therefore,
For to repent your cruelness.

OF THE CONTRARY AFFECTIONS OF THE LOVER.

SUCH hap as I am happèd in,
Had never man of truth I ween;
At me Fortune list to begin,
To shew that never hath been seen,
A new kind of unhappiness;
Nor I cannot the thing I mean
Myself express.
Myself express my deadly pain,
That can I well, if that might serve;
But when I have not help again,
That know I not, unless I sterve,
For hunger still amiddes my food

[Lacking the thing] that I deserve
To do me good.
To do me good what may prevail,
For I deserve, and not desire,
And still of cold I me bewail,
And rakèd am in burning fire;
For though I have, such is my lot,
In hand to help that I require,
It helpeth not.
It helpeth not but to increase
That, that by proof can be no more;
That is, the heat that cannot cease;
And that I have, to crave so sore.
What wonder is this greedy lust!
To ask and have, and yet therefore
Refrain I must.
Refrain I must; what is the cause?
Sure as they say, 'So hawks be taught.'
But in my case layeth no such clause;
For with such craft I am not caught;
Wherefore I say, and good cause why,
With hapless hand no man hath raught[1]
Such hap as I.

THAT RIGHT CANNOT GOVERN FANCY.

I HAVE sought long with steadfastness
To have had some ease of my great smart;
But nought availeth faithfulness
To grave within your stony heart.
But hap, and hit, or else hit not,

[1] Reached.

As uncertain as is the wind ;
Right so it fareth by the shot
Of Love, alas ! that is so blind.
Therefore I play'd the fool in vain,
With pity when I first began
Your cruel heart for to constrain,
Since love regardeth no doubtful man.
But of your goodness, all your mind
Is that I should complain in vain ;
This is the favour that I find ;
Ye list to hear how I can plain !
But tho' I plain to please your heart
Trust me I trust to temper it so,
Not for to care which do revert ;
All shall be one, or wealth, or woe.
For fancy ruleth, though Right say nay,
Even as the good man kist his cow :
None other reason can ye lay,
But as who sayeth ; ' I reck not how.'

THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

O wish, and want, and not obtain ;
To seek and sue ease of my pain,
Since all that ever I do is vain,
What may it avail me !
Although I strive both day and hour
Against the stream, with all my power,
If Fortune list yet for to lower,
What may it avail me !

If willingly I suffer woe;
If from the fire me list not go;
If then I burn to plain me so,
What may it avail me!
And if the harm that I suffer,
Be run too far out of measure.
To seek for help any further,
What may it avail me!
What tho' each heart that heareth me plain,
Pitieth and plaineth for my pain;
If I no less in grief remain,
What may it avail me!
Yea! though the want of my relief
Displease the causer of my grief;
Since I remain still in mischief,
What may it avail me!
Such cruel chance doth so me threat
Continually inward to freat,
Then of release for to treat;
What may it avail me!
Fortune is deaf unto my call;
My torment moveth her not at all;
And though she turn as doth a ball,
What may it avail me!
For in despair there is no rede;[1]
To want of ear, speech is no speed;
To linger still alive as dead,
What may it avail me!

[1] Counsel, advice.

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR LIBERTY.

IF chance assign'd,
Were to my mind,
By very kind
Of destiny;
Yet would I crave
Nought else to have,
But life and liberty.
Then were I sure,
I might endure
The displeasure
Of cruelty;
Where now I plain,
Alas! in vain,
Lacking my life for liberty.
For without th' one,
Th' other is gone,
And there can none
It remedy;
If th' one be past,
Th' other doth waste,
And all for lack of liberty.
And so I drive,
As yet alive,
Although I strive
With misery;
Drawing my breath,
Looking for death,
And loss of life for liberty.

But thou that still,
Mayst at thy will,
Turn all this ill
Adversity;
For the repair,
Of my welfare,
Grant me but life and liberty.
And if not so,
Then let all go
To wretched woe,
And let me die;
For th' one or th' other,
There is none other;
My death, or life with liberty.

THE LOVER CALLETH ON HIS LUTE TO HELP HIM BEMOAN HIS HAPLESS FATE.

T most mischief
I suffer grief;
For of relief
Since I have none,
My Lute and I
Continually
Shall us apply
To sigh and moan.
Nought may prevail
To weep or wail;
Pity doeth fail
In you, alas!
Mourning or moan,
Complaint or none,
It is all one,

As in this case.
For cruelty,
hat most can be,
Hath sovereignty
Within your heart;
Which maketh bare,
All my welfare:
Nought do ye care
How sore I smart.
No tiger's heart
Is so pervert,
Without desert
To wreak his ire;
And you me kill
For my good will:
Lo! how I spill
For my desire!
There is no love
That can ye move,
And I can prove
None other way;
Therefore I must
Restrain my lust,
Banish my trust,
And wealth away.
Thus in mischief
I suffer grief,
For of relief
Since I have none;
My Lute and I
Continually
Shall us apply
To sigh and moan.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS SUCH HE WORKETH IMPOSSIBILITIES.

TO cause accord, or to agree
Two contraries in one degree,
And in one point, as seemeth me
To all man's wit it cannot be;
It is impossible!
Of heat and cold when I complain,
And say that heat doth cause my pain,
When cold doth shake me every vein,
And both at once! I say again,
It is impossible!
That man that hath his heart away,
If life liveth there, as men do say,
That he heartless should last one day
Alive, and not to turn to clay,
It is impossible!
'Twixt life and death, say what who saith,
There liveth no life that draweth breath;
They join so near, and eke I' faith,
To seek for life by wish of death,
It is impossible!
Yet Love, that all things doth subdue,
Whose power there may no life eschew,
Hath wrought in me that I may rue
These miracles to be so true,
That are impossible.

THAT THE LIFE OF THE UNREGARDED LOVER IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

WHAT death is worse than this!
When my delight,
My weal, my joy, my bliss,
Is from my sight
Both day and night,
My life, alas! I miss.
For though I seem alive,
My heart is hence;
Thus bootless for to strive
Out of presence
Of my defence
Toward my death I drive.
Heartless, alas! what man
May long endure!
Alas! how live I then;
Since no recure
May me assure
My life I may well ban.
Thus doth my torment grow
In deadly dread
Alas! who might live so;
Alive, as dead:
Alive, to lead
A deadly life in woe.

THE LOVER WHO CANNOT PREVAIL MUST NEEDS HAVE PATIENCE.

PATIENCE for my device;
Impatience for your part!
Of contraries the guise
Must needs be overthwart.
Patience! for I am true;
The contrary for you.
Patience! a good cause why!
You have no cause at all;
Trust me, that stands awry
Perchance may sometime fall.
Patience then say, and sup
A taste of Patience cup.
Patience! no force for that.
Yet brush your gown again.
Patience! spurn not there at;
Lest folk perceive your pain.
Patience at my pleasure,
When yours hath no measure.
The other was for me,
This Patience is for you,
Change when ye list let see,
For I have ta'en a new.
Patience with a good will
Is easy to fulfil.

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES NOT, ONLY PATIENCE COMFORTETH.

PATIENCE! though I have not
The thing that I require;
I must, of force, God wot,
Forbear my most desire,
For no ways can I find
To sail against the wind.
Patience! do what they will
To work me woe or spite;
I shall content me still
To think both day and night;
To think, and hold my peace,
Since there is no redress.
Patience! withouten blame,
For I offended nought;
I know they know the same.
Though they have changed their thought.
Was ever thought so moved,
To hate that it hath loved?
Patience of all my harm,
For Fortune is my foe;
Patience must be the charm
To heal me of my woe.
Patience without offence
Is a painful Patience.

THAT PATIENCE ALONE CAN HEAL THE WOUND INFLICTED BY ADVERSITY.

PATIENCE of all my smart!
For Fortune is turned awry:
Patience must ease my heart,
That mourns continually.
Patience to suffer wrong
Is a Patience too long.
Patience to have a nay,
Of that I most desire;
Patience to have alway,
And ever burn like fire.
Patience without desart
Is grounder of my smart.
Who can with merry heart
Set forth some pleasant song,
That always feels but smart,
And never hath but wrong?
Yet patience everemore
Must heal the wound and sore.
Patience! to be content,
With froward Fortune's train!
Patience, to the intent
Somewhat to slake my pain:
I see no remedy,
But suffer patiently.
To plain where is none ear
My chance is chancèd so;

For it doth well appear
My Friend is turn'd my foe:
But since there is no defence,
I must take Patience.

THE LOVER,

HOPELESS OF GREATER HAPPINESS, CONTENTETH HIMSELF WITH ONLY PITY.

THO' I cannot your cruelty constrain,
For my good will to favour me again;
Though my true and faithful love
Have no power your heart to move,
Yet rue upon my pain!
Tho' I your thrall must evermore remain,
And for your sake my liberty restrain;
The greatest grace that I do crave
Is that ye would vouchsave
To rue upon my pain!
Though I have not deserved to obtain
So high reward, but thus to serve in vain,
Though I shall have no redress,
Yet of right ye can no less,
But rue upon my pain!
But I see well, that your high disdain
Will no wise grant that I shall more attain;
Yet ye must grant at the last
This my poor, and small request;
Rejoice not at my pain!

THAT TIME, HUMBLENESS, AND PRAYER,

CAN SOFTEN EVERY THING SAVE HIS LADY'S HEART.

PROCESS of time worketh such wonder,
That water which is of kind so soft,
Doth pierce the marble stone asunder,
By little drops falling from aloft.
And yet a heart that seems so tender,
Receiveth no drop of the stilling tears
That alway still cause me to render,
The vain plaint that sounds not in her ears.
So cruel, alas! is nought alive,
So fierce, so froward, so out of frame,
But some way, some time may so contrive
By means the wild to temper and tame.
And I that always have sought, and seek
Each place, each time for some lucky day,
This fierce tiger, less I find her meek,
And more denied the longer I pray.
The lion in his raging furour
Forbears that sueth, meekness for his [boot];
And thou, alas! in extreme dolour,
The heart so low thou treads under thy foot.
Each fierce thing, lo! how thou dost exceed,
And hides it under so humble a face!
And yet the humble to help at need
Nought helpeth time, humbleness, nor place.

THAT UNKINDNESS HATH SLAIN HIS POOR TRUE HEART.

IF in the world there be more woe
Than I have in my heart;
Whereso it is, it doth come fro',
And in my breast there doth it grow,
For to increase my smart.
Alas! I am receipt of every care;
And of my life each sorrow claims his part.
Who list to live in quietness
By me let him beware.
For I by high disdain
Am made without redress;
And unkindness, alas! hath slain
My poor true heart, all comfortless.

THE DYING LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT HIS MISTRESS REGARDETH NOT HIS SUFFERINGS.

LIKE as the swan towards her death
Doth strain her voice with doleful note;
Right so sing I with waste of breath,
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
I shall enforce my fainting breath,
That all that hears this deadly note,

Shall know that you dost cause my death,
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
Your unkindness hath sworn my death,
And changed hath my pleasant note
To painful sighs that stop my breath.
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
Consumeth my life, faileth my breath,
Your fault is forger of this note;
Melting in tears a cruel death.
I die! I die! and you regard it not.
My faith with me after my death
Buried shall be, and to this note
I do bequeath my weary breath
To cry, I die! and you regard it not.

THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

H! Robin!
Joly Robin!
Tell me how thy Leman doth?
And thou shalt know of mine.
'My Lady is unkind, perdie!'
Alack, why is she so!
'She loveth another better than me,
And yet she will say, no.'

RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness;
I find women true.
My Lady loveth me doubtless,
And will change for no new.

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,
But I say as I find;
That woman's love is but a blast,
And turneth like the wind.

RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,
Learn this lesson of me;
At others' fires thyself to warm,
And let them warm with thee.

LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,
That can abide their turn;
But I, alas, can no way prov
In love, but lack, and mourn.

THE LOVER HAVING BROKEN HIS BONDAGE,

VOWETH NEVER MORE TO BE ENTHRALLED.

IN æternum I was once determed,
For to have loved and my mind affirmed,
That with my heart it should be confirmed,
In æternum.
Forthwith I found the thing that I might like,
And sought with love to warm her heart alike,
For as me thought I should not see the like,
In æternum.

To trace this dance I put myself in press,
Vain Hope did lead, and bade I should not cesse,
To serve to suffer, and still to hold my peace
In æternum.
With this first rule I furthered me a pace,
That as me thought my truth had taken place,
With full assurance to stand in her grace,
In æternum.
It was not long ere I by proof had found
That feeble building is on feeble ground,
For in her heart this word did never sound
In æternum.
In æternum then from my heart I cest[1]
That, I had first determined for the best,
Now in the place another thought[2] doth rest.
In æternum.

THE ABUSED LOVER ADMONISHES THE UNWARY TO BEWARE OF LOVE.

LO! what it is to love!
Learn ye that list to prove
At me,[3] I say;
No ways that may
The grounded grief remove,
My life alway
That doth decay;
Lo! what it is to love.
Flee away from the snare:

[1] Kest, or cast.
[2] *Thought* is here put for *Love*.
[3] Of me.

Learn by me to beware
Of such a train
Which doubles pain,
And endless woe, and care
That doth retain;
Which to refrain
Flee away from the snare.
To love, and to be wise,
To rage with good advice;
Now thus, now than,
Now off, now an,[1]
Uncertain as the dice;
There is no man
At once that can
To love and to be wise.
Such are the divers throes,
Such that no man knows
That hath not prov'd
And once have lov'd;
Such are the raging woes
Sooner reprov'd
Than well remov'd,
Such are the divers throes.
Love is a fervent fire
Kindled by hot desire;
For a short pleasure
Long displeasure,
Repentance is the hire;
A poor treasure,
Without measure;
Love is a fervent fire.
Lo! what it is to love!

[1] On.

A REPROOF TO SUCH AS SLANDER LOVE

LEAVE thus to slander love!
Though evil with such it prove,
Which often use
Love to misuse,
And loving to reprove;
Such cannot choose
For their refuse
But thus to slander Love.
Flee not so much the snare!
Love seldom causeth care.
But by desarts
And crafty parts
Some lose their own welfare.
Be true of heart;
And for no smart,
Flee not so much the snare.
To love, and not to be wise,
Is but a mad device;
Such love doth last
As sure and fast,
As chance [up]on the dice,
A bitter taste
Comes at the last,
To love, and not to be wise.
Such be the pleasant days,
Such be the honest ways,
There is no man
That fully can

Know it, but he that says
Loving to ban
Were folly then;
Such be the pleasant days.
  Love is a pleasant fire
Kindled by true desire;
And though the pain
Cause men to plain,
Speed well is oft the hire.
Then though some feign
And lose the gain,
Love is a pleasant fire.
  Who most doeth slander love,
The deed must alway prove.
Truth shall excuse
That you accuse
For slander, and reprove.
Not by refuse,
But by abuse,
You most do slander love!
  Ye grant it is a snare,
And would us not beware.
Lest that your train
Should be too plain
Ye colour all the care;
Lo! how you feign
Pleasure for pain,
And grant it is a snare.
  To love, and to be wise,
It were a strange device:
But from that taste
Ye vow the fast,
On cinques though run your dice,

Ambsace[1] may haste
Your pain to waste.
To love, and to be wise.
Of all such pleasant days,
Of all such pleasant plays,
Without desart,
You have your part,
And all the world so says;
Save that poor heart
That for more smart,
Feeleth not such pleasant days.
Such fire, and such heat,
Did never make ye sweat;
For without pain
You best obtain
Too good speed, and too great.
Whoso doeth plain
You best do feign,
Such fire, and such heat.
Who now doth slander Love?

[1] A double ace.

DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

MOST wretched heart! most miserable,
Since thy comfort is from thee fled;
Since all thy truth is turned to fable
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
'No! no! I live, and must do still;
Whereof I thank God, and no mo;
For I myself have at my will,
And he is wretched that weens him so.'
But yet thou hast both had and lost
The hope, so long that hath thee fed,
And all thy travail, and thy cost;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
'Some other hope must feed me new:
If I have lost, I say what though!
Despair shall not therewith ensue;
For he is wretched, that weens him so.'
The sun, the moon doth frown on thee;
Thou hast darkness in daylight stead:
As good in grave, as so to be;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
'Some pleasant star may shew me light;
But though the heaven would work me woe,
Who hath himself shall stand upright;
And he is wretched that weens him so.'
Hath he himself that is not sure?
His trust is like as he hath sped.

Against the stream thou mayst not dure;
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
'The last is worst: who fears not that
He hath himself whereso he go:
And he that knoweth what is what,
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.'
Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,
Which to touch thee sometime did dread?
They find comfort, for thy mischief,
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
'What though that curs do fall by kind
On him that hath the overthrow;
All that cannot oppress my mind;
For he is wretched that weens him so.'
Yet can it not be then denied,
It is as certain as thy creed,
Thy great unhap thou canst not hide;
Unhappy then! why art thou not dead?
'Unhappy, but no wretch therefore!
For hap doth come again, and go,
For which I keep myself in store;
Since unhap cannot kill me so.'

THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED

THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,

And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my Lute!
My Lute! alas! doth not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!
My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!
Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desart
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!
Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deservèd to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if 'till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!
Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,

Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if, perchance, this sely rhyme
Do make thee blush, at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS PEN TO RECORD THE UNGENTLE BEHAVIOUR OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

MY pen! take pain a little space
To follow that which doth me chase,
And hath in hold my heart so sore;
But when thou hast this brought to pass,
My pen! I prithee write no more.
Remember oft thou hast me eased,
And all my pains full well appeased,
But now I know, unknown before,
For where I trust, I am deceived;
And yet, my pen! thou can'st no more.
A time thou haddest as other have
To write which way my hope to crave;
That time is past, withdraw, therefore:
Since we do lose that others have,
As good leave off and write no more.
In worth to use another way;
Not as we would, but as we may,
For once my loss is past restore,
And my desire is my decay;
My pen! yet write a little more.
To love in vain, who ever shall
Of worldly pain it passeth all,

As in like case I find; wherefore
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!
Alas! my pen, now write no more.
Since thou hast taken pain this space
To follow that which doth me chace,
And hath in hold my heart so sore,
Now hast thou brought my mind to pass,
My pen! I prithee write no more.

THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED IN LOVE.

TAKE heed by time, lest ye be spied:
Your loving eyes can it not hide,
At last the truth will sure be tried;
Therefore, take heed!
For some there be of crafty kind,
Though you show no part of your mind,
Surely their eyes can ye not blind;
Therefore, take heed!
For in like case theirselves hath been,
And thought right sure none had them seen,
But it was not as they did ween,
Therefore, take heed!
Although they be of divers schools,
And well can use all crafty tools
At length they prove themselves but fools.
Therefore, take heed!
If they might take you in that trap,
They would soon leave it in your lap;
To love unspied is but a hap;
Therefore, take heed!

AN EARNEST REQUEST

TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS EITHER TO PITY HIM, OR LET HIM DIE.

AT last withdraw your cruelty,
Or let me die at once;
It is too much extremity,
Devisèd for the nonce,
To hold me thus alive,
In pain still for to drive:
What may I more sustain,
Alas! that die would fain,
And cannot die for pain?
For to the flame wherewith ye burn,
My thought and my desire,
When into ashes it should turn
My heart, by fervent fire,
Ye send a stormy rain
That doth it quench again,
And make mine eyes express,
The tears that do redress
My life, in wretchedness.
Then when these should have drown'd,
And overwhelm'd my heart,
The heart doth them confound,
Renewing all my smart;
Then doth flame increase,
My torment cannot cease;
My woe doth then revive,

And I remain alive,
With death still for to strive.
But if that ye would have my death,
And that ye would none other,
Shortly then for to spend my breath,
Withdraw the one or the other;
For thus your cruelness
Doth let itself doubtless;
And it is reason why!
No man alive, nor I,
Of double death can die.

THE ABUSED LOVER REPROACHETH HIS FALSE MISTRESS OF DISSIMULATION.

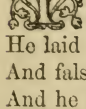
IO wet your eye withouten tear,
And in good health to feign disease,
That you thereby mine eyen might blear,
Therewith your other friends to please;
And though ye think ye need not fear,
Yet so ye can not me appease;
But as ye list fawn, flatter, or glose,
Ye shall not win, if I do lose.
Prate, and paint, and spare not,
Ye know I can me wreak;
And if so be ye can so not,
Be sure I do not reck;
And though ye swear it were not,
I can both swear and speak
By God, and by this cross,
If I have the mock, ye shall have the loss.

HE BEWAILS HIS HARD FATE THAT

THOUGH BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS HE STILL LIVES IN PAIN.

LOVE, loved; and so doth she,
And yet in love we suffer still;
The cause is strange as seemeth me
To love so well, and want our will.
O! deadly yea! O! grievous smart!
Worse than refuse, unhappy gain!
In love who ever play'd this part,
To love so well, and live in pain.
Were ever hearts so well agreed,
Since love was love as I do trow,
That in their love so evil did speed,
To love so well, and live in woe.
Thus mourn we both, and hath done long,
With woful plaint and careful voice;
Alas! it is a grievous wrong,
To love so well, and not rejoice.
Send here an end of all our moan,
With sighing oft my breath is scant;
Since of mishap ours is alone,
To love so well, and yet to want.
But they that causers be of this,
Of all our cares God send them part;
That they may know what grief it is
To love so well, and live in smart.

A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSENESS OF LOVE.



T is a grievous smart,
To suffer pain and sorrow;
But most grieveth my heart,
He laid his faith to borrow;
And falsehood hath his faith and troth,
And he foresworn by many an oath.
All ye lovers, perdie!
Hath cause to blame his deed,
Which shall example be,
To let you of your speed;
Let never woman again
Trust to such words as man can feign.
For I unto my cost
Am warning to you all;
That they whom you trust most
Soonest deceive you shall;
But complaint cannot redress,
Of my great grief the great excess.
Farewell! all my welfare!
My shoe is trod awry.
Now may I cark and care,
To sing lullaby! lullaby!
Alas! what shall I do thereto?
There is no shift to help me now.
Who made it such offence,
To love for love again;
God wot! that my pretence
Was but to ease his pain;

For I had ruth to see his woe:
Alas! more fool! why did I so!
For he from me is gone,
And makes thereat a game;
And hath left me alone,
To suffer sorrow and shame;
Alas! he is unkind doubtless,
To leave me thus all comfortless.

THE LOVER SUETH THAT HIS SERVICE MAY BE ACCEPTED.

THE heart and service to you proffer'd
With right good will full honestly,
Refuse it not since it is offer'd,
But take it to you gentlely.
And though it be a small present,
Yet good, consider graciously,
The thought, the mind, and the intent
Of him that loves you faithfully.
It were a thing of small effect
To work my woe thus cruelly;
For my good will to be object,
Therefore accept it lovingly.
Pain, or travail; to run, or ride,
I undertake it pleasantly;
Bid ye me go and straight I glide,
At your commandment humbly.
Pain or pleasure now may you plant,
Even which it please you steadfastly;
Do which you list, I shall not want

To be your servant secretly.
And since so much I do desire,
To be your own assuredly;
For all my service, and my hire
Reward your servant liberally.

OF THE PAINS AND SORROWS CAUSED BY LOVE.

WHAT meaneth this! when I lie alone
I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan;
My bed meseems as hard as stone:
What means this?
I sigh, I plain continually;
The clothes that on my bed do lie,
Always methink they lie awry;
What means this?
In slumbers oft for fear I quake;
For heat and cold I burn and shake;
For lack of sleep my head doth ake;
What means this?
A mornings then when I do rise,
I turn unto my wonted guise,
All day after muse and devise;
What means this?
And if perchance by me there pass,
She, unto whom I sue for grace,
The cold blood forsaketh my face;
What means this?
But if I sit near her by,

With loud voice my heart doth cry,
And yet my mouth is dumb and dry;
What means this?
To ask for help no heart I have;
My tongue doth fail what I should crave;
Yet inwardly I rage and rave;
What means this?
Thus have I passèd many a year,
And many a day, though nought appear,
But most of that that most I fear;
What means this?

THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE FANCY OF HIS FICKLE MISTRESS.

S it possible?
That so high debate,
So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,
Should end so soon, and was begun so late.
Is it possible?
Is it possible?
So cruel intent,
So hasty heat, and so soon spent,
From love to hate, and thence for to relent,
Is it possible?
Is it possible?
That any may find,
Within one heart so diverse mind,
To change or turn as weather and wind,
Is it possible?
Is it possible?

To spy it in an eye,
That turns as oft as chance or die,
The truth whereof can any try;
Is it possible?
  It is possible,
For to turn so oft;
To bring that low'st that was most aloft;
And to fall highest, yet to light soft;
It is possible!
  All is possible!
Whoso list believe,
Trust therefore first and after preve;[1]
As men wed ladies by license and leave;
All is possible!

THE ABUSED LOVER

BEWAILS THE TIME THAT EVER HIS EYE BEHELD HER TO WHOM HE HAD GIVEN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

ALAS! poor man, what hap have I,
That must forbear that I love best!
I trow, it be my destiny,
Never to live in quiet rest.
  No wonder is though I complain;
Not without cause ye may be sure;
I seek for that I cannot attain,
Which is my mortal displeasure.
  Alas! poor heart, as in this case
With pensive plaint thou art opprest;
Unwise thou were to desire place

[1] Prove.

Whereas another is possest.
Do what I can to ease thy smart,
Thou wilt not let to love her still;
Hers, and not mine I see thou art;
Let her do by thee as she will.
A careful carcass full of pain
Now hast thou left to mourn for thee,
The heart once gone, the body is slain,
That ever I saw her woe is me;
Mine eye, alas! was cause of this,
Which her to see had never his fill;
To me that sight full bitter is,
In recompence of my good will.
She that I serve all other above
Hath paid my hire, as ye may see;
I was unhappy, and that I prove,
To love above my poor degree.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

AND wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.[1]
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath lov'd thee so long?

[1] Sorrow.

In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart;
Neither for pain nor smart:
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
And wilt thou leave me thus,
And have no more pity,
Of him that loveth thee?
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

HE

REMEMBERETH THE PROMISE HIS LADY

ONCE GAVE HIM OF AFFECTION, AND COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH HOPE.

HAT time that mirth did steer my ship,
Which now is fraught with heaviness;
And Fortune beat not then the lip,
But was defence of my distress,
Then in my book wrote my mistress;
'I am yours, you may well be sure;
And shall be while my life doth dure.'
But she herself which then wrote that

Is now mine extreme enemy;
Above all men she doth me hate,
Rejoicing of my misery.
But though that for her sake I die,
I shall be hers, she may be sure,
As long as my life doth endure.

It is not time that can wear out
With me that once is firmly set;
While Nature keeps her course about
My love from her no man can let.
Though never so sore they me threat,
Yet am I hers, she may be sure;
And shall be while that life doth dure.

And once I trust to see that day,
Renewer of my joy and wealth,
That she to me these words shall say;
'In faith! welcome to me myself!
Welcome my joy! welcome my health,
For I am thine, thou mayest be sure,
And shall be while that life doth dure.'

Aye me! alas! what words were these!
Incontinent[1] I might find them so!
I reck not what smart or disease
I suffered, so that I might know
[After my passèd pain and woe]
That she were mine; and might be sure
She should be while that life doth dure.

[1] Immediately, at once.

THAT ALL HIS JOY DEPENDETH ON HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

AS power and wit will me assist,
My will shall will even as ye list.
For as ye list my will is bent
In every thing to be content,
To serve in love 'till life be spent;
So you reward my love thus meant,
Even as ye list.
To feign, or fable is not my mind,
Nor to refuse such as I find;
But as a lamb of humble kind,
Or bird in cage to be assign'd,
Even as ye list.
When all the flock is come and gone
Mine eye and heart agreeth in one,
Hath chosen you, only, alone,
To be my joy, or else my moan,
Even as ye list.
Joy, if pity appear in place;
Moan, if disdain do shew his face,
Yet crave I not as in this case,
But as ye lead to follow the trace,
Even as ye list.
Some in words much love can feign;
And some for words give words again:
Thus words for words in words remain,
And yet at last words do obtain
Even as ye list.

To crave in words I will eschew,
And love in deed I will ensue;
It is my mind both whole and true,
And for my truth I pray you rue
Even as ye list.
Dear heart! I bid your heart farewell,
With better heart than tongue can tell;
Yet take this tale, as true as gospel,
Ye may my life save or expel
Even as ye list.

HE PROMISETH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL WHATEVER FORTUNE BETIDE.

SOMETIME I sigh, sometime I sing;
Sometime I laugh, sometime mourning
As one in.doubt, this is my saying;
Have I displeas'd you in any thing?
Alack! what aileth you to be griev'd?
Right sorry am I that ye be moved.
I am your own, if truth be prov'd;
And by your displeasure as one mischiev'd.
When ye be merry then am I glad;
When ye be sorry then am I sad;
Such grace or fortune I would I had
You for to please howe'er I were bestad.
When ye be merry why should I care?
Ye are my joy, and my welfare,
I will you love, I will not spare
Into your presence, as far as I dare.

All my poor heart, and my love true,
While life doth last I give it you;
And you to serve with service due,
And never to change you for no new.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER WISHETH ALL EVIL MAY BEFALL HIM IF HE FORSAKE HIS LADY.

THE knot which first my heart did strain,
When that your servant I became,
Doth bind me still for to remain,
Always your own as now I am;
And if you find that I do feign,
With just judgment myself I damn,[1]
To have disdain.
If other thought in me do grow
But still to love you steadfastly;
If that the proof do not well show
That I am yours assuredly;
Let every wealth turn me to woe,
And you to be continually
My chiefest foe.
If other love, or new request,
Do seize my heart, but only this;
Or if within my wearied breast
Be hid one thought that means amiss,
I do desire that mine unrest
May still increase, and I to miss
That I love best.

[1] Condemn.

If in my love there be one spot
Of false deceit or doubleness;
Or if I mind to slip this knot
By want of faith or steadfastness;
Let all my service be forgot,
And when I would have chief redress,
Esteem me not.
But if that I consume in pain
Of burning sighs and fervent love;
And daily seek none other gain,
But with my deed these words to prove;
Me think of right I should obtain
That ye would mind for to remove
Your great disdain.
And for the end of this my song,
Unto your hands I do submit
My deadly grief, and pains so strong
Which in my heart be firmly shutt,
And when ye list, redress my wrong:
Since well ye know this painful fit
Hath last too long.

OF FORTUNE, LOVE, AND FANTASY.

IT was my choice; it was no chance
That brought my heart in other's hold;
Whereby it hath had sufferance
Longer, perdie, than reason would.
Since I it bound where it was free
Methinks, y-wis, of right it should
Accepted be.

Accepted be without refuse;
Unless that Fortune have the power
All right of love for to abuse.
For as they say one happy hour
May more prevail than right or might;
If Fortune then list for to lower,
What 'vaileth right?
What 'vaileth right if this be true!
Then trust to chance, and go by guess;
Then who so loveth may well go sue
Uncertain hope for his redress.
Yet some would say assuredly
Thou mayst appeal for thy release
To Fantasy.
To Fantasy pertains to choose.
All this I know: for Fantasy
First unto love did me induce;
But yet I know as steadfastly,
That if love have no faster knot,
So nice a choice slips suddenly;
It lasteth not.
It lasteth not, that stands by change;
Fancy doth change; Fortune is frail;
Both these to please the way is strange.
Therefore methinks best to prevail,
There is no way that is so just
As truth to lead; the other fail
And thereto trust.

DESERTED BY HIS MISTRESS, HE RENOUNCETH ALL JOY FOR EVER.

HEART oppress'd with desperate thought,
Is forcèd ever to lament;
Which now in me so far hath wrought,
That needs to it I must consent:
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.

If cruel will had not been guide,
Despair in me had [found] no place;
For my true meaning she well espied;
Yet for all that would give no grace;
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.

She might well see, and yet would not;
And may daily, if that she will;
How painful is my hapless lot;
Joined with despair me for to spill;
Wherefore all joy I do refuse,
And cruel will thereof accuse.

THAT NO WORDS MAY EXPRESS THE CRAFTY TRAINS OF LOVE.

FULL well it may be seen
To such as understand,
How some there be that ween
They have their wealth at hand:
Through love's abusèd band
But little do they see
The abuse wherein they be.
Of love there is a kind
Which kindleth by abuse;
As in a feeble mind
Whom fancy may induce
By love's deceitful use,
To follow the fond lust
And proof of a vain trust.
As I myself may say,
By trial of the same;
No wight can well bewray
That falsehood love can frame;
I say, 'twixt grief and game,
There is no living man
That knows the craft love can.
For love so well can feign
To favour for the while;
That such as seeks the gain
Are servèd with the guile;
And some can this conceile
To give the simple leave

Themselves for to deceive.
What thing may more declare
Of love the crafty kind,
Than see the wise so ware,
In love to be so blind;
If so it be assign'd;
Let them enjoy the gain,
That thinks it worth the pain.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE EXCUSETH THE FOLLY OF LOVING.

SINCE love is such as that ye wot
Cannot always be wisely used;
I say therefore then blame me not,
Though I therein have been abused.
For as with cause I am accused,
Guilty I grant such was my lot;
And though it cannot be excused,
Yet let such folly be forgot.
For in my years of reckless youth
Methought the power of love so great;
That to his laws I bound my truth,
And to my will there was no let.
Me list no more so far to fet;
Such fruit! lo! as of love ensu'th;
The gain was small that was to get,
And of the loss the less the ruth.
And few there is but first or last,
A time in love once shall they have;

And glad I am my time is past,
Henceforth my freedom to withsave.
Now in my heart there shall I grave
The granted grace that now I taste;
Thankèd be fortune that me gave
So fair a gift, so sure and fast.
Now such as have me seen ere this,
When youth in me set forth his kind;
And folly framed my thought amiss,
The fault whereof now well I find;
Lo! since that so it is assign'd,
That unto each a time there is,
Then blame the lot that led my mind,
Some time to live in love's bliss.
But from henceforth I do protest,
By proof of that that I have passed,
Shall never cease within my breast
The power of Love so late outcast:
The knot thereof is knit full fast,
And I thereto so sure profess'd
For evermore with me to last
The power wherein I am possess'd.

THE DOUBTFUL LOVER

RESOLVETH TO BE ASSURED WHETHER HE IS TO LIVE IN JOY OR WOE.

LO! how I seek and sue to have
That no man hath, and may be had;
There is [no] more but sink or save,
And bring this doubt to good or bad.

To live in sorrows always sad,
I like not so to linger forth;
Hap evil or good I shall be glad
To take that comes, as well in worth.
Should I sustain this great distress,
Still wandering forth thus to and fro,
In dreadful hope to hold my peace,
And feed myself with secret woe?
Nay! nay! certain, I will not so!
But sure I shall myself apply
To put in proof this doubt to know,
And rid this danger readily.
I shall assay by secret suit
To shew the mind of mine intent;
And my deserts shall give such fruit
As with my heart my words be meant;
So by the proof of this consent
Soon out of doubt I shall be sure,
For to rejoice, or to repent,
In joy, or pain for to endure.

OF THE EXTREME TORMENT ENDURED BY THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

MY love is like unto th' eternal fire,
And I, as those which therein do remain;
Whose grievous pains is but their great desire
To see the sight which they may not attain:
So in hell's heat myself I feel to be,

That am restrain'd by great extremity,
The sight of her which is so dear to me.
O! puissant Love! and power of great avail!
By whom hell may be felt ere death assail!

HE BIDDETH FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

SINCE so ye please to hear me plain,
And that ye do rejoice my smart;
Me list no longer to remain
To such as be so overthwart:
But cursèd be that cruel heart
Which hath procur'd a careless mind,
For me and mine unfeignèd smart;
And forceth me such faults to find.
More than too much I am assured
Of thine intent, whereto to trust;
A speedless proof I have endured;
And now I leave it to them that lust.

HE REPENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER LOVED.

NOW must I learn to live at rest,
And wean me of my will;
For I repent where I was prest
My fancy to fulfil.

I may no longer more endure
My wonted life to lead;
But I must learn to put in ure
The change of womanhed.
I may not see my service long
Rewarded in such wise;
Nor I may not sustain such wrong
That ye my love despise.
I may not sigh in sorrow deep,
Nor wail the want of love;
Nor I may neither crouch nor creep
Where it doth not behove.
But I of force must needs forsake
My faith so fondly set;
And from henceforth must undertake
Such folly to forget.
Now must I seek some other ways
Myself for to withsave;
And as I trust by mine essays
Some remedy to have.
I ask none other remedy
To recompense my wrong;
But once to have the liberty
That I have lack'd so long.

THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND TRUE INTENT.

FORGET not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can;
Forget not yet!
Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!
Forget not! oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss
Forget not yet!
Forget not then thine own approv'd,
The which so long hath thee so lov'd,
Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:
Forget not this!

HE BEWAILS THE PAIN HE ENDURES WHEN BANISHED FROM THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

O! MISERABLE sorrow, withouten cure!
If it please thee, lo! to have me thus suffer,
At least yet let her know what I endure,
And this my last voice carry thou thither,
Where lived my hope, now dead for ever:
For as ill grievous is my banishment,
As was my pleasure when she was present.

HE COMPARES HIS SUFFERINGS TO THOSE OF TANTALUS.

THE fruit of all the service that I serve
Despair doth reap; such hapless hap have I.
But though he have no power to make me swerve,
Yet by the fire for cold I feel I die.
In paradise for hunger still I sterve,
And in the flood for thirst to death I dry;
So Tantalus am I, and in worse pain,
Amidst my help that helpless doth remain.[1]

[1] The punishment of Tantalus has passed into a proverb, and from it we have derived the word *tantalise*, that is, to hold out prospects or hopes which cannot be realized.

THAT NOTHING MAY ASSUAGE HIS PAIN SAVE ONLY HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

IF with complaint the pain might be ex-
press'd
That inwardly doth cause me sigh and
groan;
Your hard heart, and your cruel breast
Should sigh and plain for my unrest;
And though it were of stone,
Yet should remorse cause it relent and moan.
But since it is so far out of measure,
That with my words I can it not contain,
My only trust! my heart's treasure!
Alas! why do I still endure
This restless smart and pain?
Since if ye list ye may my woe restrain.

THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LONG SUFFERINGS MAY AT LENGTH FIND RECOMPENSE.

YE know my heart, my Lady dear!
That since the time I was your thrall
I have been yours both whole and clear,
Though my reward hath been but small;
So am I yet, and more than all.
And ye know well how I have serv'd,

As if ye prove it shall appear,
How well, how long,
How faithfully!
And suffered wrong,
How patiently!
Then since that I have never swerv'd,
Let not my pains be undeserv'd.
Ye know also, though ye say nay,
That you alone are my desire;
And you alone it is that may
Assuage my fervent flaming fire.
Succour me then I you require!
Ye know it were a just request,
Since ye do cause my heat, I say,
If that I burn,
It will ye warm,
And not to turn,
All to my harm,
Sending such flame from frozen breast
Against nature for my unrest.
And I know well how scornfully
Ye have mistaken my true intent;
And hitherto how wrongfully,
I have found cause for to repent.
But if your heart doth not relent,
Since I do know that this ye know,
Ye shall slay me all wilfully.
For me, and mine,
And all I have,
Ye may assign,
To spill or save.
Why are ye then so cruel foe
Unto your own, that loves you so?

HE DESCRIBETH THE CEASELESS TORMENTS OF LOVE.

SINCE you will needs that I shall sing,
Take it in worth such as I have;
Plenty of plaint, moan, and mourning,
In deep despair and deadly pain.
Bootless for boot, crying to crave;
To crave in vain.
Such hammers work within my head
That sound nought else unto my ears,
But fast at board, and wake a-bed:
Such tune the temper to my song
To wail my wrong, that I want tears
To wail my wrong.
Death and despair afore my face,
My days decay, my grief doth grow;
The cause thereof is in this place,
Whom cruelty doth still constrain
For to rejoice, though I be woe,
To hear me plain.
A broken lute, untunèd strings,
With such a song may well bear part,
That neither pleaseth him that sings,
Nor them that hear, but her alone
That with her heart would strain my heart
To hear it groan.
If it grieve you to hear this same,
That you do feel but in my voice,
Consider then what pleasant game

I do sustain in every part,
To cause me sing or to rejoice
Within my heart.

THAT THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT IS SHORT, AND SHOULD NOT PASS BY NEGLECTED.

ME list no more to sing
Of love, nor of such thing,
How sore that it me wring;
For what I sung or spake,
Men did my songs mistake.
My songs were too diffuse;
They made folk to muse;
Therefore me to excuse,
They shall be sung more plain.
Neither of joy nor pain.
What vaileth then to skip
At fruit over the lip

. . . . . .

For fruit withouten taste
Doth nought but rot and waste.
What vaileth under kay
To keep treasure alway,
That never shall see day.
If it be not used,
It is but abused.
What vaileth the flower
To stand still and wither;

If no man it savour
It serves only for sight,
And fadeth towards night.
  Therefore fear not to assay
To gather, ye that may,
The flower that this day
Is fresher than the next.
Mark well I say this text:
  Let not the fruit be lost
That is desired most;
Delight shall 'quite the cost.
If it be ta'en in time
Small labour is to climb.
  And as for such treasure
That maketh thee the richer,
And no deal the poorer
When it is given or lent,
Methinks it were well spent.
  If this be under mist,
And not well plainly wist,
Understand me who list,
For I reek not a bean;
I wot what I do mean.

THAT THE PAIN HE ENDURED SHOULD NOT MAKE HIM CEASE FROM LOVING.

THE joy so short, alas! the pain so near,
The way so long, the departure so smart;
The first sight, alas! I bought too dear,
That so suddenly now from hence must part.

The body gone yet remain shall the heart
With her, the which for me salt tears doth rain;
And shall not change till that we meet again.

The time doth pass, yet shall not my love;
Though I be far, always my heart is near.
Though other change yet will not I remove;
Though other care not, yet love I will and fear;
Though other hate, yet will I love my dear;
Though other will of lightness say 'Adieu,'
Yet will I be found steadfast and true.

When other laugh, alas! then do I weep;
When other sing, then do I wail and cry;
When other run, perforced I am to creep;
When other dance, in sorrow I do lie;
When other joy, for pain well near I die;
Thus brought from wealth, alas! to endless pain,
That undeserved, causeless to remain.

THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

HOW should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant,
As my fellows be?
Not long ago,
It chancèd so,
As I did walk alone;
I heard a man,
That now and than
Himself did thus bemoan
'Alas!' he said,

'I am betray'd,
And utterly undone;
Whom I did trust,
And think so just,
Another man hath won.
'My service due,
And heart so true,
On her I did bestow;
I never meant
For to repent,
In wealth, nor yet in woe.
'Each western wind
Hath turned her mind,
And blown it clean away;
Thereby my wealth,
My mirth and health,
Are driven to great decay.
'Fortune did smile
A right short while,
And never said me nay;
With pleasant plays,
And joyful days,
My time to pass away.
'Alas! alas!
The time so was,
So never shall it be,
Since she is gone,
And I alone
Am left as you may see.
'Where is the oath?
Where is the troth?
That she to me did give?
Such feignèd words,

With sely bourds,
Let no wise man believe.
' For even as I,
Thus wofully,
Unto myself complain.
If ye then trust,
Needs learn ye must,
To sing my song in vain.
' How should I
Be so pleasant,
In my semblant,
As my fellows be?'

THAT FAITH IS DEAD, AND TRUE LOVE DISREGARDED.

HAT should I say!
Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! nay! Mistress.
I promis'd you,
And you promis'd me,
To be as true,
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

Thought for to take,
It is not my mind;
But to forsake
[One so unkind;]
And as I find,
So will I trust;
Farewell, unjust!
Can ye say nay,
But that you said
That I alway
Should be obey'd?
And thus betray'd,
Or that I wist!
Farewell, unkist!

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS FAITHFUL HEART AND TRUE MEANING HAD NEVER MET WITH JUST REWARD.

GIVE place! all ye that doth rejoice,
And love's pangs hath clean forgot.
Let them draw near and hear my voice
Whom Love doth force in pains to fret;
For all of plaint my song is set,
Which long hath served and nought can get.
A faithful heart so truely meant,
Rewarded is full slenderly;
A steadfast faith with good intent
Is recompensèd craftily;
Such hap doth hap unhappily
To them that mean but honestly.

With humble suit I have essayed
To turn her cruel hearted mind;
But for reward I am delayed,
And to my wealth her eyes be blind.
Lo! thus by chance I am assign'd
With steadfast love to serve the unkind.

What vaileth truth, or steadfastness,
Or still to serve without repreef!
What vaileth faith or gentleness,
Where cruelty doth reign as chief!
Alas! there is no greater grief
Than for to love, and lack relief.

Care doth constrain me to complain
Of Love, and her uncertainty,
Which granteth nought but great disdain,
For loss of all my liberty.
Alas! this is extremity,
For love to find such cruelty.

For love to find such cruelty.
Alas! it is a careful lot;
And for to void such mockery
There is no way but slip the knot!
The gain so cold, the pain so hot!
Praise it who list, I like it not.

THE FORSAKEN LOVER

CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE OF PAST HAPPINESS.

SPITE hath no power to make me sad,
Nor scornfulness to make me plain.
It doth suffice that once I had,
And so to leave it is no pain.

Let them frown on that least doth gain,
Who did rejoice must needs be glad;
And though with words thou ween'st to reign,
It doth suffice that once I had.

Since that in checks thus overthwart,
And coyly looks thou dost delight;
It doth suffice that mine thou wert,
Though change hath put thy faith to flight.

Alas! it is a peevish spite,
To yield thyself and then to part;
But since thou force thy faith so light,
It doth suffice that mine thou wert.

And since thy love doth thus decline,
And in thy heart such hate doth grow;
It doth suffice that thou wert mine,
And with good will I quite it so.

Sometime my friend, farewell my foe,
Since thou change I am not thine;
But for relief of all my woe,
It doth suffice that thou wert mine.

Praying you all that hear this song,
To judge no wight, nor none to blame;

It doth suffice she doth me wrong,
And that herself doth know the same.
And though she change it is no shame,
Their kind it is, and hath been long:
Yet I protest she hath no name;
It doth suffice she doth me wrong.

HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART

THAT HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM HE HAD AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE.

AH! my heart, what aileth thee?
To set so light my liberty!
Making me bond when I was free:
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
When thou were rid from all distress,
Void of all pain and pensiveness,
To choose again a new mistress;
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
When thou were well thou could not hold:
To turn again, that were too bold;
Thus to renew my sorrows old,
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
Thou know'st full well that but of late,
I was turned out of Love's gate:
And now to guide me to this mate!
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
I hop'd full well all had been done;
But now my hope is ta'en and won;
To my torment to yield so soon,
Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

HE PROFESSETH INDIFFERENCE.

HATE whom ye list, for I care not;
Love whom ye list, and spare not;
Do what ye list, and dread not;
Think what ye list, I fear not;
For as for me I am not;
But even as one that recks not,
Whether ye hate or hate not,
For in your love I dote not;
Wherefore I pray you forget not;
But love whom ye list, for I care not.

HE REJOICETH THAT HE HAD BROKEN THE SNARES OF LOVE.

ANGLED I was in Love's snare,
Oppressed with pain, torment with care;
Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,
Clean in despair by cruelty;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.
The woful days so full of pain,
The weary night all spent in vain,
The labour lost for so small gain,

To write them all it will not be;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Every thing that fair doth shew,
When proof is made it proveth not so;
But turneth mirth to bitter woe,
Which in this case full well I see;
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Too great desire was my guide,
And wanton will went by my side,
Hope ruled still and made me bide,
Of Love's craft the extremity.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

With feignèd words, which were but wind,
To long delays I was assign'd;
Her wily looks my wits did blind;
Thus as she would I did agree.
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime
That brake away in better time,
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,
And had no hurt but scapèd free.
Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,
For I am now at liberty.

THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LADY'S HEART MIGHT BE ENFLAMED WITH EQUAL AFFECTION.

OVE doth again
Put me to pain,
And yet all is but lost.
I serve in vain,
And am certain,
Of all misliked most.
Both heat and cold
Doth so me hold,
And comber so my mind;
That whom I should
Speak and behold,
It driveth me still behind.
My wits be past,
My life doth waste,
My comfort is exiled;
And I in haste,
Am like to taste
How love hath me beguiled.
Unless that right
May in her sight
Obtain pity and grace;
Why should a wight
Have beauty bright,
If mercy have no place.
Yet I, alas!
Am in such case;
That back I cannot go;

But still forth trace
A patient pace,
And suffer secret woe.
For with the wind
My firèd mind
Doth still inflame;
And she unkind
That did me bind,
Doth turn it all to game.
Yet can no pain
Make me refrain,
Nor here and there to range;
I shall retain
Hope to obtain
Her heart that is so strange.
But I require
The painful fire,
That oft doth make me sweat;
For all my ire,
With like desire,
To give her heart a heat.
Then she shall prove
How I her love,
And what I have offer'd;
Which should her move,
For to remove
The pains that I have suffer'd.
And better fee
Than she gave me,
She shall of me attain;
For whereas she
Shewed cruelty,
She shall my heart obtain.

THE DISDAINFUL LADY REFUSING TO HEAR HER LOVER'S SUIT, HE RESOLVETH TO FORSAKE HER.

NOW all of change
Must be my song,
And from my bond now must I break;
Since she so strange,
Unto my wrong,
Doth stop her ears, to hear me speak.
Yet none doth know
So well as she,
My grief, which can have no restraint;
That fain would follow,
Now needs must flee,
For fault of ear unto my plaint.
I am not he
By false assays,
Nor feignèd faith can bear in hand;
Though most I see
That such always
Are best for to be understand.
But I that truth
Hath always meant,
Doth still proceed to serve in vain:
Desire pursueth
My time misspent,
And doth not pass upon my pain.
Of Fortune's might
That each compels,

And me the most, it doth suffice;
Now for my right
To ask nought else
But to withdraw this enterprise.
And for the gain
Of that good hour,
Which of my woe shall be relief;
I shall refrain
By painful power,
The thing that most hath been my grief.
I shall not miss
To exercise
The help thereof which doth me teach,
That after this
In any wise
To keep right within my reach.
And she unjust
Which feareth not
In this her fame to be defiled,
Yet once I trust
Shall be my lot
To quite the craft that me beguiled.

THE ABSENT LOVER FINDETH ALL HIS PAINS REDOUBLED.

ABSENCE, absenting causeth me to complain,
My sorrowful complaints abiding in distress;

And departing most privy increaseth my pain,
Thus live I uncomforted wrapped all in heaviness.

In heaviness I am wrapped, devoid of all solace,
Neither pastime nor pleasure can revive my dull wit,
My spirits be all taken, and death doth me menace,
With his fatal knife the thread for to kit.

For to cut the thread of this wretched life,
And shortly bring me out of this case:
I see it availeth not, yet must I be pensive,
Since fortune from me hath turned her face.

Her face she hath turned with countenance contrarious,
And clean from her presence she hath exiled me,
In sorrow remaining as a man most dolorous,
Exempt from all pleasure and worldly felicity.

All worldly felicity now am I private,
And left in desart most solitarily,
Wandering all about as one without mate;
My death approacheth; what remedy!

What remedy, alas! to rejoice my woful heart,
With sighs suspiring[1] most ruefully;
Now welcome! I am ready to depart;
Farewell all pleasure! welcome pain and smart!

[1] Sighing.

HE SEEKETH COMFORT IN PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! for I have wrong
And dare not shew wherein;
Patience shall be my song:
Since Truth can nothing win.
Patience then for this fit;
Hereafter comes not yet.

OF THE POWER OF LOVE OVER THE YIELDEN LOVER.

WILL ye see what wonders Love hath wrought?
Then come and look at me.
There need no where else to be sought,
In me ye may them see.
For unto that, that men may see
Most monstrous thing of kind,
Myself may best comparèd be;
Love hath me so assign'd.
There is a rock in the salt flood,
A rock of such nature,
That draweth the iron from the wood,
And leaveth the ship unsure.[1]

[1] The rock of magnet in the salt flood, which draws the nails from the ships, was a popular story, no doubt, in Wyatt's time.—*Nott.*

She is the rock, the ship am I;
That rock my deadly foe,
That draweth me there where I must die,
And robbeth my heart me fro.
A bird there fleeth, and that but one,
Of her this thing ensueth;
That when her days be spent and gone,
With fire she reneweth.
And I with her may well compare
My love, that is alone;
The flame whereof doth aye repair
My life when it is gone.

HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

DEEM as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this, or that;
But what, or why myself best knows
Whereby I think and fear not.
But thereunto I may well think
The doubtful sentence of this clause;
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'[1]

[1] The burden of this song has been adopted in a piece entitled, "No Foe to a Flatterer," in the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, p. 59, edit. 1810.—*Nott.*

For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it grieved me not;
Unto my thought it were as though
I hearkened though I hear not.
At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go;
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'

Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not.
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be;
'I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.'

If it be not, shew no cause why
I should so think, then care I not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own until I die;
'And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.'

THE RECURED[1] LOVER

EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO REMAIN FREE UNTIL DEATH.

I AM as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am, none knoweth truly.
Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God him send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;

[1] Recovered.

To judge the best therefore intend,
For I am as I am, and so will I end.
Yet some there be that take delight
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.
Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.
But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.
And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest as ye may see
That I am as I am, and so will be.

POEMS.

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO REASON, WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.[1]

MINE old dear enemy, my froward master,
Afore that Queen I caused to be acited,[2]
Which holdeth the divine part of our nature;
That like as gold in fire, he might be tried:
Charged with dolour, there I me presented,
With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth
A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.
And thus I said: 'Once my left foot, Madame,
When I was young, I set within his reign;
Whereby other than fiery burning flame
I never felt, but many a grievous pain:
Torment I suffer'd, anger and disdain;
That mine oppressed patience was past,
And I mine own life hated at the last.
'Thus hitherto have I my time passed
In pain and smart; what ways profitable,
How many pleasant days have me escaped,
In serving this false liar so deceivable?
What wit have words so prest and forcible,

[1] For the most part a literal translation from Petrarch's 48th Canzone.

[2] Or, accited, summoned.

That may contain my great mishappiness,
And just complaints of his ungentleness?

'So small honey, much aloes, and gall,
In bitterness, my blind life have I tasted:
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced;
And where I had my thought, and mind araised
From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,
Me from my rest he took, and set in error.

'God made he me regardless, than I ought,
And to myself to take right little heed:
And for a woman have I set at nought
All other thoughts, in this only to speed:
And he was only counsellor of this deed;
Whetting always my youthly frail desire
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.

'But oh, alas, where had I ever wit,
Or other gift given to me of nature?
That sooner shall be changed my wearied sprite
Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler:
So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure;
This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse:
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.

'He hath me hasted through divers regions;
Through desert woods, and sharp high mountains;
Through froward people, and through bitter passions;
Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains;
With weary travel, and with laborous pains;
Always in trouble and in tediousness,
All in error, and dangerous distress.

'But neither he nor she, my other foe,
For all my flight did ever me forsake:

That though my timely death hath been too slow,
That me, as yet, it hath not overtake:
The heavenly gods of pity do it slake!
And note they this his cruel tyranny,
That feeds him with my care and misery!

'Since I was his, hour rested I never,
Nor look to do; and eke the wakey nights,
The banished sleep may in no wise recover
By guile and force, over my thralled sprites.
He is ruler, since which bell never strikes
That I hear not as sounding to renew my plaints.
Himself he knoweth that I say true.

'For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,
As he my heart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death daily threaten;
Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,
That annoy both me, and peradventure other:
Judge thou, that knowest the one, and eke the other.'

Mine adversare, with such grievous reproof,
Thus he began; 'Hear, Lady, the other part;
That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,
This unkind man may shew, ere that I part:
In his young age, I took him from that art,
That selleth words, and maketh a clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.

'Now shames he not on me for to complain,
That held him evermore in pleasant gain,
From his desire, that might have been his pain;
Yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame;
Which now as wretchedness, he doth so blame;
And toward honour quickened I his wit,
Where as a dastard else he might have sit.

'He knoweth how great Atrides, that made Troy
fret;
And Hannibal to Rome so troublous;
Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great;
And African Scipion, the famous;
And many other, by much honour glorious;
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above;
I did let fall in base dishonest love.

'And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million;
That under sun yet never was her peer
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion;
And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,
And eke such way I taught her for to teach,
That never base thought his heart so high might
reach.

'Evermore thus to content his mistress,
That was his only frame of honesty,
I stirred him still toward gentleness;
And caused him to regard fidelity;
Patience I taught him in adversity:
Such virtues learned he in my great school:
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool.

'These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,
That I have used, the torment and the anger,
Sweeter than ever did to other fall;
Of right good seed ill fruit, lo, thus I gather;
And so shall he that the unkind doth further:
A serpent nourish I under my wing,
And now of nature 'ginneth he to sting.

'And for to tell, at last, my great service;
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawen,
That, by my means, him in no manner of wise

Never vile pleasure once hath overthrowen ;
Where in his deed, shame hath him always gnawen ;
Doubting report that should come to her ear :
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear.
'Whatever he hath of any honest custom,
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit :
But, lo ! yet never was there nightly phantom
So far in error, as he is from his wit
To plain on us : he striveth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him ease and pain,
And in one hour make all his grief his gain.
'But one thing yet there is, above all other :
I gave him wings, wherewith he might upfly
To honour and fame ; and, if he would, to higher
Than mortal things, above the starry sky :
Considering the pleasure that an eye
Might give in earth, by reason of the love ;
What should that be that lasteth still above ?
'And he the same himself hath said ere this :
But now, forgotten is both that, and I
That gave him her, his only wealth and bliss.'
And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,
'Thou gave her once,' quod I, 'but by and by
Thou took her ayen from me, that woe-worth thee !'
'Not I, but price ; more worth than thou,' quod he.
At last, each other for himself concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reverence ;
'Lo ! thus, as we each other have accused,
Dear lady, now we wait thine only sentence.'
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
'It liketh me,' quod she, 'to have heard your
question,
But longer time doth ask a resolution.'

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

SO feeble is the thread, that doth the burden stay
Of my poor life; in heavy plight, that falleth in decay;
That, but it have elsewhere some aid or some succours,
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.
For since the unhappy hour, that did me to depart,
From my sweet weal, one only hope hath stayed my life apart:
Which doth persuade such words unto my sored mind,
'Maintain, thyself, O woful wight, some better luck to find:
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,
Who can thee tell, if thy return be for thy more delight?
Or, who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once recover,
Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap, and thee defend and cover.'
Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained;
But now, alas, I see it faint, and I by trust am trained.
The time doth fleet, and I see how the hours do bend

So fast, that I have scant the space to mark my
coming end.
Westward the sun from out the east scant shews
his light,
When in the west he hides him straight, within
the dark of night;
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his
journey lie.
The life so short, so frail, that mortal men live here;
So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies that
we bear;
That when I think upon the distance and the space,
That doth so far divide me from my dear desired face,
I know not how 't' attain the wings that I require,
To lift me up, that I might fly, to follow my desire.
Thus of that hope, that doth my life something
sustain
Alas! I fear, and partly feel, full little doth remain.
Each place doth bring me grief, where I do not
behold
Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts were wont
the keys to hold.
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet, whilst I
enjoy'd that grace;
My pleasure past, my present pain when I might
well embrace.
And for because my want should more my woe
increase;
In watch, and sleep, both day and night, my will
doth never cease
That thing to wish, whereof since I did lose the
sight,

Was never thing that might in ought my woful
heart delight.
Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete
The floods, the seas, the lands, the hills, that doth
them intermete
'Tween me, and those shene lights that wonted for
to clear
My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as
Phœbus' sphere.
It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,
The more to feel, by such record, how that my
wealth doth bate.
If such record, alas! provoke the inflamed mind,
Which sprang that day that I did leave the best of
me behind:
If love forget himself by length of absence let,
Who doth me guide, O woful wretch, unto this
baited net
Where doth increase my care, much better were
for me,
As dumb as stone, all things forgot, still absent for
to be.
Alas! the clear crystal, the bright transplendent
glass
Doth not bewray the colours hid, which underneath
it has;
As doth th' accumbred sprite the thoughtful throes
discover,
Of fierce delight, of fervent love, that in our hearts
we cover:
Out by these eyes it sheweth that evermore delight,
In plaint and tears to seek redress; and eke both
day and night,

Those kinds of pleasures most wherein men so
rejoice,
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighs the
voice.
For I am one of them whom plaint doth well content,
It sits me well mine absent wealth, me seems, for
to lament;
And with my tears t' assay to charge mine eyes
twain,
Like as my heart above the brink is fraughted full
of pain:
And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to treat
Do me provoke; I will return my plaint thus to
repeat:
For, there is nothing else so toucheth me within;
Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the
case, or skin:
Wherefore I shall return to them, as well, or spring
From whom descends my mortal woe, above all
other thing.
So shall mine eyes in pain accompany my heart,
That were the guides, that did it lead, of love to
feel the smart.
The crisped gold that doth surmount Apollo's pride;
The lively streams of pleasant stars that under it
doth glide;
Wherein the beams of love do still increase their
heat,
Which yet so far touch me so near, in cold to make
me sweat:
The wise and pleasant talk, so rare, or else alone,
That gave to me the courteous gift, that erst had
never none;

Be far from me, alas! and every other thing
I might forbear with better will, than this that
did me bring
With pleasant word and cheer, redress of linger'd
pain,
And wonted oft in kindled will to virtue me to
train.
Thus am I forced to hear, and hearken after news:
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful
trust renews.
And yet with more delight to moan my woful case,
I must complain those hands, these arms that
firmly do embrace
Me from myself, and rule the stern of my poor life;
The sweet disdains, the pleasant wraths, and eke
the lovely strife,
That wonted well to tune in temper just and meet,
The rage, that oft did make me err, by furor
undiscreet.
All this is hid from me, with sharp and ragged hills,
At others' will my long abode my deep despair
fulfils;
And if my hope sometime rise up by some redress,
It stumbleth straight, for feeble faint, my fear hath
such excess.
Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desire,
And yet I trust ere that I die to see that I require:
The resting-place of love, where virtue dwells and
grows,
There I desire my weary life sometime may take
repose.
My Song! thou shalt attain to find that pleasant
place,

Where she doth live, by whom I live: may chance
to have this grace,
When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein
I serve,
Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall
she thee reserve:
Then tell her that I come, she shall me shortly see,
And if for weight the body fail, the soul shall to
her flee.

THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED.[1]

HEN Dido feasted the wand'ring Trojan
knight,
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force
in Libic sands to light;
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,
With crisped locks, on golden harp, Iopas sang in
song:
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call
and name,
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the
very frame:
Or thus, of heavenly powers, by more power kept
in one;

[1] The description of the heavens in this poem is given according to the erroneous system of Ptolemy. As the Copernican system was beginning to be adopted in Wyatt's time, this will probably account for his having left the poem in an unfinished state.—*Nott.*

Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath
place alone;
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place,
and nurse;
Without the which the equal weight, this heaven
doth hold his course:
And it is call'd by name the first and moving
heaven.
The firmament is placed next, containing other
seven.
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and
thick,
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein
cleave and stick:
With great swift sway, the first, and with his
restless source,
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even con-
tinual course.
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that never move, but firmly
keep their place:
The one we see alway, the other stands object
Against the same, dividing just the ground by line
direct;
Which by imagination drawen from the one to
t'other
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there
is none other:
And these be call'd the poles, descried by stars
not bright:
Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic the
other hight.
The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,

As axle is, upon the which the heavens about do go ;
Which of water nor earth, of air nor fire, have
kind ;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard
for man to find :
But they been uncorrupt, simple and pure, unmixt ;
And so we say been all those stars, that in those
same be fixt ;
And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray ;
So call'd, because against that first they have
repugnant way ;
And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man ;
Too busy work for my poor harp ; let sing them
he that can.
The widest save the first, of all these nine above,
One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree
to move.
Of which degrees we make, in the first moving
heaven,
Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly
divided even.
And yet there is another between those heavens
two,
Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for
now.
The seventh heaven, or the shell, next to the starry
sky ;
All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged
pace so sly :
And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath
been,
In nine and twenty years complete, and days
almost sixteen ;

Doth carry in his bowt[1] the star of Saturn old,
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and with his cold.
The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with younger pace,
And in twelve year doth somewhat more than t'other's voyage was:
And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending sign.
The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred days
And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd all those ways.
A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he sticks.
The third that govern'd is by that that governs me,
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see,
In like space doth perform that course, that did the other.
So doth the next unto the same, that second is in order:
But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury;
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars[2] try.
That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath gone,
In seven-and-twenty common days, and eke the third of one;
And beareth with his sway the divers Moon about;

[1] Circuit, or orbit. [2] Astrologers.

Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and
now her light is out:
Thus have they of their own two movings all these
Seven;
One, wherein they be carried still, each in his
several heaven:
Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have
said;
Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the
straight:
The starry sky hath but one course, that we have
call'd the eight.
And all these movings eight are meant from west
to east;
Although they seem to climb aloft, I say, from east
to west.
But that is but by force of their first moving sky,
In twice twelve hours from east to east, that
carrieth them by and by:
But mark we well also, these movings of these seven
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.
For they have their two poles directly the one to
the other,' &c.

SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
Of lively look, all grief for to repel;
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak, without word, such words as none can tell:
Her tress also should be of crisped gold;
With wit, and these perchance I might be tried,
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

OF purpose Love chose first for to be blind,
For, he with sight of that, that I behold,
Vanquish'd had been, against all godly kind:
His bow your hand, and truss should have unfold;

And he with me to serve had been assign'd :
But, for he blind and reckless would him hold,
And still by chance his deadly strokes bestow ;
With such as see, I serve, and suffer woe.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT DESIRE.

DESIRE, alas ! my master and my foe,
So sore alter'd thyself, how mayst thou see ?
Sometime thou seekest, and drives me to and fro ;
Sometime thou lead'st, that leadeth thee and me.
What reason is to rule thy subjects so,
By forced law and mutability ?
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
Even now, by hate again, I doubt the same.

AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

FOR shamefast harm of great and hateful need,
In deep despair, as did a wretch go,
With ready cord out of his life to speed,
His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo !
Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,
And in exchange he left the cord though.
He that had hid the gold, and found it not,
Of that he found he shap'd his neck a knot.

DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me, Minerva me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourish'd me
year by year;
Three bodies are my food, my strength is in nought,
Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children
dear;
Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere:
Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD AT THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

IN doubtful breast whilst motherly pity
With furious famine standeth at debate;
The mother saith, 'O child unhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milk of late;
Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,
And enter there where thou were generate;
For of one body, against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.'

TO HIS LOVE WHOM HE HAD KISSED AGAINST HER WILL.

ALAS! Madam, for stealing of a kiss,
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss,
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended;
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

OF THE JEALOUS MAN THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER SITTING WITH HER.

THE wand'ring gadling in the summer tide,
That finds the adder with his rechless foot,
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot,
When that he saw me sitting by her side,
That of my health is very crop and root.
It pleased me then to have so fair a grace,
To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD HER GLOVES.

WHAT needs these threatening words and wasted wind?
All this cannot make me restore my prey.
To rob your good, I wis is not my mind:
Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.
Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,
That may both hear what you and I can say.
She reft my heart, and I a glove from her:
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT DEADLY SICKNESS CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,
That with his cold withers away the green,
This other night me in my bed did find,
And offer'd me to rid my fever clean;
And I did grant, so did despair me blind:
He drew his bow with arrow sharp and keen,
And strake the place where Love had hit before;
And drave the first dart deeper more and more.

OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago ;
'Take heed of him that by the back thee
claweth :'
For none is worse than is a friendly foe.
Though he seem good all thing that thee delighteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosom creepeth :
For many a man such fire oft-times he kindleth,
That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

FROM these high hills as when a spring
doth fall,
It trilleth down with still and subtle
course,
Of this and that it gathers aye and shall,
Till it have just down flowed to stream, and force,
Then at the foot it rageth over all :
So fareth love, when he hath ta'en a source,
Rage is his rein, resistance 'vaileth none,
The first eschew is remedy alone.

OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEEDLE.

SHE sat, and sewed, that hath done me the wrong;
Whereof I plain, and have done many a day:
And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song
She wish'd my heart the sampler, that it lay.
The blind master, whom I have served so long,
Grudging to hear that he did hear her say,
Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,
To feel if pricking were so good indeed.

OF THE SAME.

WHAT man hath heard such cruelty before?
That, when my plaint remember'd her my woe
That caused it, she, cruel more and more,
Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,
Had prick'd my heart, for to increase my sore:
And, as I think, she thought it had been so:
For as she thought, this is his heart indeed,
She pricked hard, and made herself to bleed.

THE
LOVER THAT FLED LOVE NOW FOLLOWS IT WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by wind;
And now the coals I follow that be quent,
From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.
Lo! how desire is both forth sprung, and spent!
And he may see, that whilom was so blind,
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,
Meashed in the briers, that erst was only torn.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO THE OVERCHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun in his most raging ire,
When that the bowl is rammed in too sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fire;
Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar
The shivered pieces. So doth my desire,
Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak;
So inward force my heart doth all to break.

HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat a grace
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poison by strange alteration;
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
With one kiss, by secret operation,
Both these at once in those your lips to find;
In change whereof I leave my heart behind.

TO HIS LOVER TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend,
Thou hidest thyself, and I must die therefore;
But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou madest sore?
Why do I die since thou mayst me defend?
And if I die, thy life may last no more;
For each by other doth live and have relief,
I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior
Could overcome, but could not use his chance;
And I likewise, of all my long endeavour
The sharp conquest though fortune did advance,
Ne could I use. The hold that is given over
I unpossess; so hangeth now in balance
Of war, my peace; reward of all my pain,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spain.

OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell, that westward with thy streams
Turns up the grains of gold already tried;[1]
For I with spur and sail go seek the Temes,[2]
Gainward the sun that sheweth her wealthy pride;
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,[3]
Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side;
My King, my Country I seek, for whom I live:
O mighty Jove, the winds for this me give!

[1] i.e. pure gold. [2] The Thames.
[3] A tradition in Geoffrey of Monmouth.

WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food, my drink are my tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave;
Stink, and close air, away my life it wears;
Poor innocence is all the hope I have:
Rain, wind, or weather judge I by my ears:
Malice assaults, that righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,
But yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LUX![1] my fair falcon, and thy fellows all;
How well pleasant it were your liberty!
Ye not forsake me, that fair might you fall.
But they that sometime liked my company,
Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl:
Lo! what a proof in light adversity!
But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,
Ye be my friends, and very few else.

[1] "Look! my fair falcon," in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, i. 196. ed. 1767.

THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
The sun returns, that hid was under cloud,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust good luck to me shall be allowed:
For I have seen a ship in haven fall,
After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud;
The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

VENEMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue:
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew:
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joinèd with some wealth.

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve, decked with fresh array,
Of sugar'd[1] meats feeling the sweet repast;
The life in banquets, and sundry kinds of play,
Amid the press of lordly looks to waste;—
Hath with it join'd ofttimes such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys fetter'd with chains of gold.

OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

STAND, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel
Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each dele,[2]
Unknown in court that hath the wanton toys:
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be past withouten noise,
Let me die old after the common trace;
For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,
That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas,
He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.

[1] Delicious. [2] Part.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE,

PRAYETH THAT IT BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be without desert;
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true:
For never yet, since that you had my heart,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than break one word of that I promised you;
Accept therefore my service in good part:
None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew,
Hold them as false; and let not us depart
Our friendship old in hope of any new:
Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,
Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,
Fair words enough a man shall find;
They be good cheap, they cost right nought,
Their substance is but only wind;
But well to say and so to mean,
That sweet accord is seldom seen.

OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this deed,
To danger myself without cause why,
To trust th' untrue not like to speed,
To speak and promise faithfully:
But now the proof doth verify,
That whoso trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH YEA OR NAY.

MADAM, withouten many words,
Once I am sure you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your bourds,[1]
And use your wit, and shew it so:
For, with a beck you shall me call;
And if of one, that burns alway,
Ye have pity or ruth[2] at all,
Answer him fair, with yea or nay.
If it be yea, I shall be fain;
If it be nay—friends, as before;
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more.

[1] Jests or tricks. [2] Compassion.

ANSWER.

OF few words, Sir, you seem to be,
And where I doubted what I would do
Your quick request hath caused me
Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.
For he that will be called with a beck,
Makes hasty suit on light desire:
Is ever ready to the check,
And burneth in no wasting fire.
Therefore whether you be lief or loth,
And whether it grieve you light or sore,
I am at a point: I have made an oath,
Content you with 'Nay;' for you get no more.

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain
Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose;
Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,
To be a forger, faults for to disclose:
Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,
To set a gloss upon an earnest pain:
Nor I am not in number one of those
That list to blow retreat to every train.

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

SUFFICED not, Madam, that you did tear
My woful heart, but thus also to rent
The weeping paper that to you I sent;
Whereof each letter was written with a tear?
Could not my present pains, alas! suffice
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel?
But new and new must to my lot arise.
Use then my death: So shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart,
And I no more such torments of the heart
Feel as I do: This shall you gain thereby.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH AND HIS LADY COMFORTETH.

LOVER. It burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire.

LADY. What is the thing that hath inflamed thy heart?

LOVER. A certain point as fervent as the fire.

LADY. The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt convert.

LOVER. I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.

LADY. What may I do, if thyself cause thy smart?
LOVER. Hear my request, and rue my weeping chere.
LADY. With right good will, say on: lo! I thee hear.
LOVER. That thing would I, that maketh two content.
LADY. Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I may not.
LOVER. Would God! thou wouldst, as thou mayst, well assent.
LADY. That I may not, the grief is mine, God wot.
LOVER. But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.
LADY. Suspect me not; my words be not forgot.
LOVER. Then say, alas! shall I have help or no?
LADY. I see no time to answer yea, but no.
LOVER. Say yea, dear heart! and stand no more in doubt.
LADY. I may not grant a thing that is so dear.
LOVER. Lo, with delays thou drivest me still about.
LADY. Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth appear.
LOVER. First, may my heart his blood, and life bleed out.
LADY. Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbear.
LOVER. From day to day thus wastes my life away.
LADY. Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.
LOVER. Now good, say yea: do once so good a deed.
LADY. If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?
LOVER. A heart in pain of succour so should speed:
'Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still renew.

My sweet! say yea; and do away this dread.

LADY. Thou wilt needs so: be it so; but then be true.

LOVER. Nought would I else, nor other treasure none.
Thus hearts be won by love, request, and moan.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED BLAMETH ILL TONGUES.

MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved
To have me in suspect,
The truth it shall be proved,
Which time shall once detect.
Though falsehood go about
Of crime me to accuse,
At length I do not doubt
But truth shall me excuse.
Such sauce as they have served
To me without desart,
Even as they have deserved,
Thereof God send them part.

OF HIS LOVE CALLED ANNA.

HAT word is that, that changeth not,
Though it be turnèd and made in twain?
It is mine Anna, God it wot,
The only causer of my pain;
My love that meedeth[1] with disdain.
Yet is it loved, what will you more?
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

LADY gave me a gift she had not;
And I received her gift which I took not;
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I received it, albeit, I could not:
If she gave it me, I force not;
And if she take it again, she cares not.
Construe what this is, and tell not;
For I am fast sworn I may not.[2]

[1] Rewardeth.

[2] Supposed to be a kiss; but see various conjectures in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser. vol. v. pp. 55, 103, 145, 249, 311.

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS ALWAY SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought helpeth;
Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth:
For need will speed, where will works not his kind;
And gain thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find:
For, suit and gold, what do not they obtain?
Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

T. WYATT OF LOVE.

LIKE as the wind with raging blast
Doth cause each tree to bow and bend;
Even so do I spend my time in waste,
My life consuming unto an end.
For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,
And running streams consume the rain;
Even so do I myself desire
To augment my grief and deadly pain.
Whereas I find that what is what,
And cold is cold by course of kind,
So shall I knit an endless knot;
Such fruit in love, alas! I find.

When I foresaw those crystal streams,
Whose beauty doth cause my mortal wound,
I little thought within those beams
So sweet a venom for to have found.

I feel and see my own decay;
As one that beareth flame in his breast,
Forgetful thought to put away
The thing that breedeth my unrest.

Like as the fly doth seek the flame,
And afterward playeth in the fire,
Who findeth her woe, and seeketh her game,
Whose grief doth grow of her own desire.

Like as the spider doth draw her line,
As labor lost so is my suit;
The gain is hers, the loss is mine:
Of evil-sown seed such is the fruit.

SATIRES.

ON THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.[1]

MY mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse:[2]
That for because her livelode was but thin,
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.
She thought herself endured to grievous pain,
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse;
That when the furrows swimmed with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight;
And worse than that, bare meat there did remain
To comfort her, when she her house had dight;
Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean;

[1] John Poins, or Poyntz, was a descendant of an ancient family settled at Iron Acton, in Gloucestershire, and spent his life chiefly at Court. In 1520 he was sewer to the chamber of Queen Katharine of Arragon, and died without issue on 16th July, 1558.

[2] This satire was probably suggested by Horace's *Town and Country Mouse*. Among the fables of Robert Henryson, is one, *Of the Uponlondis Mous, and the Burges Mous*, to which, Dr. Nott thinks, Wyatt might also have been indebted.

For which she laboured hard both day and night,
In harvest time, while she might go and glean.
And when her store was stroyed with the flood,
Then wellaway! for she undone was clean:
Then was she fain to take, instead of food,
Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.
'My sister,' quod she, 'hath a living good;
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.
In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry
In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost;
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most,
Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril:
She feeds on boil'd meat, baked meat, and on roast,
And hath therefore no wit of charge nor travail.
And, when she list, the liquor of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.'
And at this journey makes she but a jape,[1]
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth
With her Sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there keep herself in health,
To live a lady, while her life do last.
And to the door now is she come by stealth;
And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.
Th' other for fear durst not well scarce appear;
Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.
At last she asked softly who was there;
And in her language as well as she could,
'Peep,' quod the other, 'Sister, I am here.'

[1] A jest.

'Peace,' quod the town mouse, 'why speakest thou so loud?'
And by the hand she took her fair and well.
'Welcome,' quod she, 'my Sister, by the rood.'
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell
The fare they had, they drank the wine so clear;
And as to purpose now and then it fell,
So cheered her with, 'How, Sister, what cheer!'
Amid this joy befell a sorry chance,
That wellaway, the stranger bought full dear
The fare she had. For as she look'd askance,
Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes
In a round head, with sharp ears. In France
Was never mouse so fear'd, for the unwise
Had not yseen such a beast before.
Yet had nature taught her after her guise
To know her foe, and dread him evermore.
The town mouse fled, she knew whither to go;
Th' other had no shift, but wonders sore;
Fear'd of her life, at home she wish'd her though,
And to the door, alas! as she did skip,
Th' heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance was so
At the threshold her sely foot did trip;
And ere she might recover it again,
The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,
And made her there against her will remain,
That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,
For seeming wealth, wherein she thought to reign.
Alas! my Poins, how men do seek the best,
And find the worst, by error as they stray!
And no marvel! when sight is so opprest,
And blinds the guide: anon out of the way
Goeth guide, and all in seeking quiet life.

O wretched minds! there is no gold that may
Grant that you seek: no war, no peace, no strife:
No, no, although thy head were hoop'd with gold,
Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,
Cannot repulse the care that follow should.
Each kind of life hath with him his disease:
Live in delight, even as thy lust would,
And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee
please,
It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.
A small thing is it that may thy mind appease?
None of you all there is, that is so mad,
To seek for grapes on brambles or on briers:
Nor none, I trow, that hath a wit so bad,
To set his hay for coneys over rivers;
Nor ye set not a drag-net for a hare.
And yet the thing, that most is your desire,
You do mis-seek with more travail and care.
Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted
With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare[1]
From all affects,[2] whom vice hath never spotted.
Thyself content with that is thee assign'd,
And use it well that is to thee allotted;
Then seek no more out of thyself to find
The thing that thou hast sought so long before:
For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind.
Mad, if ye list to continue your sore.
Let present pass, and gape on time to come,
And deep thyself in travail more and more.
Henceforth, my Poins, this shall be all and sum;
These wretched fools shall have nought else of me;
But, to the great God, and to his doom,

[1] Free. [2] Passions.

None other pain pray I for them to be;
But when the rage doth lead them from the right,
That looking backward Virtue they may see,
Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright:
And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,
Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,
To fret inward, for losing such a loss.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

MINE own John Poins! since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And fly the press of Courts, whereso they go;[1]
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks; wrapp'd within my cloak;
To will and lust learning to set a law:
It is not that, because I scorn, or mock
The power of them, whom Fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right[2] to strike the stroke:
But true it is that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort
Of outward things that judge, in their intent,
Without regard what inward doth resort.
I grant, sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report[3]

[1] The court was perpetually moving from one palace to another.
[2] Justice.
[3] To speak favourably of what is bad.

Blame by honour, and honour to desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tune[1] to feign,
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert
Of them that list all vice for to retain.
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain and moan,
And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint;
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;
Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.
I am not he, that can allow the state
Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,
That with his death did 'scape out of the gate
From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie;
And would not live, where liberty was lost;
So did his heart the commonwealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
To make the crow in singing as the swan;
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most;
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can:
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,

[1] Perhaps the reading is *tongue*.

Call him Alexander; and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music manifold:
Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
And scorn the Story that the Knight told:[1]
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale:
On others' lust to hang both night and day.
None of these points would ever frame in me:
My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
And much the less of things that greater be,
That asken help of colours to devise:
To join the mean with each extremity,
With nearest virtue aye to cloke the vice:
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To press the virtue that it may not rise:
As drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal;
Affirm that favel[2] hath a goodly grace
In eloquence: and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice, and change in time and place:
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiful; and him true and plain,
That raileth rechless under each man's shame.
Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;
The lecher a lover! and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign:
I cannot I,—no, no,—it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,

[1] Two of the Canterbury Tales.
[2] Cajolery, flattery.

A chip of chance more than a pound of wit:
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk;
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk:
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:
In lusty leas[1] at liberty I walk;
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe;
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.[2]
No force for that, for it is order'd so,
That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.
I am not now in France, to judge the wine;
With savoury sauce those delicates to feel:
Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine;
Nor Flander's cheer lets not my sight to deem
Of black and white; nor takes my wits away
With beastliness; such do those beasts esteem.
Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey
For money, poison, and treason; of some
A common practice, used night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme;
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

[1] In large fields, over fruitful grounds. So Shakespeare:—

"Thy rich *leas*
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease."
Tempest, Act iv.

[2] Probably Wyatt alludes to some office which he still held at court, and which sometimes recalled him, but not too frequently, from his rural enjoyments in Kent.

HOW TO USE THE COURT AND HIMSELF

THEREIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRIAN.[1]

SPENDING hand that alway poureth out,
Had need to have a bringer-in as fast:
And on the stone that still doth turn about
There groweth no moss: these proverbs yet do last;
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of years their force can never waste.
When I remember this, and eke the case
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write,
Brian, to thee, who knows how great a grace
In writing is, to counsel man the right.
To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,
And never rests; but running day and night
From realm to realm, from city, street, and town;
Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones?
And mightst at home sleep in thy bed of down:
And drink good ale so nappy for the nones;[2]
Feed thyself fat; and heap up pound by pound.
Likest thou not this? No. Why? For swine so gromes[3]
In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;

[1] Sir Francis Bryan, an accomplished courtier as well as a poet:—

"And sweet-tongued Bryan, whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rock'd him whilst he slept."—*Drayton.*

Bryan was knighted by the Earl of Surrey in Brittany in 1522, and died in 1550. He is among the Uncertain Authors in *Tottel's Miscellany.*

[2] Corrupted into *for the nonce*, i.e. for the occasion.

[3] Grunts, or rather *grout*, to dig with the snout.

And drivel on pearls, with head still in the manger;
So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound:
So sacks of dirt be fill'd. The neat courtier
So serves for less than do these fatted swine.
Though I seem lean and dry, withouten moisture,
Yet will I serve my prince, my lord and thine;
And let them live to feed the paunch that list;
So I may live to feed both me and mine.
By God! well said. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend?
That would I learn. And it shall not be miss'd
To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend:
Thou knowest well first, whoso can seek to please,
Shall purchase friends, where truth shall but offend:
Flee therefore truth, it is both wealth and ease.
For though that truth of every man hath praise,
Full near that wind goeth truth in great miscase.
Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,
In word alone, to make thy language sweet:
And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;
Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet
To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant,
Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet;
Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want,
Unless it be as to a calf a cheese:
But which return be sure to win a cant[1]
Of half at least. It is not good to leese.
Learn at the lad,[2] that in a long white coat,
From under the stall, withouten lands or fees,
Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote

[1] Cant, for cantle, a small part of a thing.

[2] In MS. "Learn at Kitson," supposed to be Thomas Kitson, Knt. Sheriff of London in 1533.

This rule that I have told thee here before.
Some time also rich age begins to dote;
See thou, when there thy gain may be the more,
Stay him by the arm whereso he walk or go;
Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,
What he hath spit tread out, and please him so.
A diligent knave that picks his master's purse
May please him so, that he, withouten mo',
Executor is: And what is he the worse?
But if so chance thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy charge disburse:
A riveled skin, a stinking breath; what then?
A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm;
The gold is good: and though she curse or ban,
Yet where thee list thou mayst lie good and warm;
Let the old mule bite upon the bridle,
Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thy arm.
In this also see that thou be not idle,
Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love besought her,
Avance his cause, and he shall help thy need:
It is but love, turn thou it to a laughter.
But ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,
That in this case thou be not so unwise
As Pandar[1] was in such a like deed;
For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,
That he no gain would have for all his pain:
Be next thyself, for friendship bears no price.
Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?

[1] A son of Lycaon, celebrated by Homer. By Chaucer and Shakespeare he is represented as procuring for Troilus the love and good graces of Chryseis.

No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest:
Wouldst thou, I should, for any loss or gain
Change that for gold that I have ta'en for best
Next godly things, to have an honest name?
Should I leave that? Then take me for a beast.
Nay then, farewell, and if thou care for shame,
Content thee then with honest poverty;
With free tongue what thee mislikes, to blame,
And for thy truth, sometime adversity
And therewithal this gift I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperity;
And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.

PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David commonlye called thee vii. penytentiall Psalmes, drawen into englyshe meter by Sir Thomas Wyat knyght, whereunto is added a prologe of the auctore before every psalme, very pleasant and profettable to the godly reader. Imprinted at London in Paules Church yarde at the sygne of thee Starre, By Thomas Raynald, and John Harrington. 1549.

PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

WILLIAM MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON,[1]

EARL OF ESSEX, BARON OF KENDAL, LORD PARR,

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,

YOUR MOST BOUNDEN ORATOR AT COMMANDMENT,

JOHN HARRINGTON, WISHETH HEALTH AND

PROSPERITY WITH INCREASE OF VIRTUE, AND THE

MERCY OF GOD FOR EVER.

CONSIDERING the manifold duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good Lordship, right honourable and my singular good Lord, I cannot but see infinite causes why I, chiefly of all others, ought with all cheerful and ready endeavour to gratify your good Lordship by all means possible, and to apply myself wholly to the same, as one that would gladly, but can by no means be able to do accordingly as his bounden duty requireth: I cannot, I say, but see and acknowledge myself bounden, and not able to do such service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefits that your noble progenitors, and also your good Lordship hath shewed unto my parents and predecessors; and also to

[1] William Parr, brother of Queen Katharine, the sixth and last wife of King Henry VIII.

myself, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, though the will be at all times most ready. In token whereof, your Lordship shall at all times perceive by simple things that my little wit shall be able to invent, that if mine heart could do you any service, no labour or travail should withhold me from doing my duty; and that if busy labour and the heart might be able to pay the duty that love oweth, your Lordship should in no point find me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready will, I have dedicated unto your name this little treatise, which, after I had perused and by the advice of others (better learned than myself) determined to put it in print, that the noble fame of so worthy a Knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyatt, should not perish but remain, as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's work than your Lordship, whom I have always known to be of so godly a zeal to the furtherance of God's holy and sacred Gospel, most humbly beseeching your good Lordship herein to accept my good will, and to esteem me as one that wisheth unto the same all honour, health, and prosperous success. Amen.

Your good Lordship's

most humble at commandment,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

H. S.

The great Macedon that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang;
In the rich ark if Homer's rhymes he placed,
Who feigned gests of heathen princes sang;
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture
To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase,
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure
The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace
Of just David by perfect penitence;
Where rulers may see in a mirrour clear,
The bitter fruits of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.
In princes' hearts God's scourge y-printed deep,
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR.

LOVE, to give law unto his subjects' hearts
Stood in the eyes of Batsabé the bright;
And in a look anon himself converts
Cruelly pleasant, before King David's sight.
First dazed his eyes, and further-forth he starts
With venom'd breath, as softly as he might

Touches his sinews, and overruns his bones
With creeping fire, sparkled for the nones.

And when he saw that kindled was the flame,
The moist poison in his heart he lanced,
So that the soul did tremble with the same;
And in this brawl as he stood entranced,
Yielding unto the figure and the frame,
That those fair eyes had in his presence glanced;
The form, that Love had printed in his breast,
He honoureth as a thing of thingès best.

So that, forgot the wisdom and forecast,
Which woe to realms! when that the King doth lack;
Forgetting eke God's Majesty as fast,
Yea and his own; forthwith he doth to make
Urie to go into the field in haste,
Urie, I say, that was his jewel's make,
Under pretence of certain victory,
For the enemies' swords a ready prey to be.

Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubt,
Whom more than God or himself he mindeth:
And after he had brought this thing about,
And of that lust possess'd himself, he findeth
That hath and doth reverse and clean turn out
Kings from kingdoms, and cities undermineth;
He blinded thinks, this train so blind and close,
To blind all things, that nought may it disclose.

But Nathan hath spied out this treachery,
With rueful cheer; and sets afore his face

The great offence, outrage, and injury,
That he hath done to God, as in this case,
By murder for to cloak adultery:
He sheweth eke from heaven the threats, alas!
So sternly sore this Prophet, this Nathan,
That all amazed was this woful man.

Like him that meets with horror and with fear;
The heat doth straight forsake the limbes cold,
The colour eke droopeth down from his cheer;
So doth he feel his fire manifold,
His heat, his lust, his pleasure all in fere
Consume and waste: and straight his crown of gold,
His purple pall, his sceptre he lets fall,
And to the ground he throweth himself withal.

Then pompous pride of state, and dignity
Forthwith rebates repentant humbleness:
Thinner vile cloth than clotheth poverty
Doth scantly hide and clad his nakedness:
His fair hoar beard of reverent gravity,
With ruffled hair, knowing his wickedness:
More like was he the selfsame repentance,
Than stately prince of worldly governance.

His harp he taketh in hand to be his guide,
Wherewith he offereth plaints, his soul to save,
That from his heart distills on every side.
Withdrawing himself into a dark deep cave
Within the ground, wherein he might him hide,
Flying the light, as in prison or grave;
In which, as soon as David entered had,
The dark horror did make his soul adrad.

But he, without prolonging or delay
Of that, which might his Lord his God appease
Falleth on his knees, and with his harp, I say,
Afore his breast yfraughted with disease
Of stormy sighs, deep draughts of his decay,
Dressed upright, seeking to counterpoise
His song with sighs, and touching of the strings,
With tender heart, lo! thus to God he sings.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE.[1]

LORD! since in my mouth thy mighty name
Suffereth itself, my Lord, to name and call,
Here hath my heart hope taken by the same;
That the repentance which I have, and shall,
May at thy hand seek mercy, as the thing
Of only comfort of wretched sinners all:
Whereby I dare with humble bemoaning,
By thy goodness, this thing of thee require:
Chastise me not for my deserving
According to thy just conceived ire.
O Lord! I dread: and that I did not dread
I me repent; and evermore desire
Thee, Thee to dread. I open here, and spread
My fault to thee: but thou, for thy goodness,
Measure it not in largeness, nor in breade:
Punish it not as asketh the greatness
Of thy furor, provoked by mine offence.
Temper, O Lord! the harm of my excess

[1] Psalm vi.

With mending will, that I for recompense
Prepare again: and rather pity me;
For I am weak, and clean without defence;
More is the need I have of remedy.
For of the whole the leche taketh no cure;
The sheep that strayeth the shepherd seeks to see.
I, Lord, am stray'd; and, seke[1] without recure,
Feel all my limbs, that have rebelled, for fear
Shake in despair, unless thou me assure:
My flesh is troubled, my heart doth fear the spear:
That dread of death, of death that ever lasts,
Threateth of right, and draweth near and near.
Much more my soul is troubled by the blasts
Of these assaults, that come as thick as hail,
Of worldly vanities, that temptation casts
Against the bulwark of the fleshe frail:
Wherein the soul in great perplexity
Feeleth the senses with them that assail
Conspire, corrupt by pleasure and vanity:
Whereby the wretch doth to the shade resort
Of hope in Thee, in this extremity.
But thou, O Lord! how long after this sort
Forbearest thou to see my misery?
Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort
Fear, and not feel that thou forgettest me.
Return, O Lord! O Lord, I thee beseech!
Unto thy old wonted benignity.
Reduce, revive my soul: be thou the leche;
And reconcile the great hatred, and strife,
That it hath ta'en against the flesh; the wretch
That stirred hath thy wrath by filthy life.
See! how my soul doth fret it to the bones:

[1] Sick, without recovery.

Inward remorse, so sharpeth it like a knife.
That but Thou help the caitiff that bemoans
His great offence, it turneth anon to dust.
Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones;
For if thy righteous hand, that is so just,
Suffer no sin, or strike with dampnation,
Thy infinite mercy want nedes it must
Subject matter for his operation:
For that in death there is no memory
Among the dampned, nor yet no mention
Of thy great name, ground of all glory.
Then if I die, and go whereas I fear
To think thereon, how shall thy great mercy
Sound in my mouth unto the worldes ear?
For there is none that can Thee laud, and love,
For that thou wilt no love among them there.
Suffer my cries the mercy for to move,
That wonted is a hundred years' offence
In a moment of repentance to remove.
How oft have I called up with diligence
This slothful flesh, long afore the day
For to confess his fault, and negligence;
That to the den,[1] for aught that I could say,
Hath still returned to shrowd himself from cold?
Whereby it suffereth now for such delay,
By mighty pains, instead of pleasures old.
I wash my bed with tears continual
To dull my sight, that it be never bold
To stir my heart again to such a fall.
Thus dry I up, among my foes, in woe,
That with my fall do rise and grow withal,
And me beset even now where I am, so

[1] Bed, or bed-chamber.

With secret traps to trouble my penance.
Some do present to my weeping eyes, lo!
The cheer, the manner, beauty, or countenance
Of her, whose look, alas! did make me blind:
Some other offer to my remembrance
Those pleasant words, now bitter to my mind:
And some shew me the power of my armour,
Triumph and conquest, and to my head assign'd
Double diadem: some shew the favour
Of people frail, palace, pomp, and riches.
To these mermaids, and their baits of error
I stop my ears, with help of thy goodness.
And, for I feel it cometh alone of Thee
That to my heart these foes have none access,
I dare them bid, Avoid, wretches, and flee;
The Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint;
Your engines take no more effect in me:
The Lord hath heard, I say, and seen me faint
Under your hand, and pitieth my distress;
He shall do make my senses, by constraint,
Obey the rule that reason shall express:
Where the deceit of that your glosing bait
Made them usurp a power in all excess.
Shamed be they all, that so do lie in wait
To compass me, by missing of their prey!
Shame and rebuke redound to such deceit!
Sudden confusion, as stroke without delay,
Shall so deface their crafty suggestion,
That they to hurt my health no more assay
Since I, O Lord, remain in thy protection.

THE AUTHOR.

WHOSO hath seen the sick in his fever,
After truce taken with the heat or cold,
And that the fit is past of his fervour,
Draw fainting sighs; let him, I say, behold
Sorrowful David, after his langour,
That with his tears, that from his eyen down roll'd,
Paused his plaint, and laid adown his harp,
Faithful record of all his sorrows sharp.

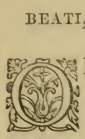
It seemed now that of his fault the horror
Did make afear'd no more his hope of grace;
The threats whereof in horrible terror
Did hold his heart as in despair a space,
Till he had will'd to seek for his succour;
Himself accusing, beknowing his case,
Thinking so best his Lord to appease,
And not yet healed he feeleth his disease.

Now seemeth fearful no more the dark cave,
That erst did make his soul for to tremble;
A place devout, of refuge for to save
The succourless it rather doth resemble:
For who had seen so kneeling within the grave
The chief pastor of the Hebrews' assemble,
Would judge it made by tears of penitence
A sacred place, worthy of reverence.

With vapour'd eyes he looketh here and there,
And when he hath a while himself bethought,
Gathering his spirits, that were dismay'd for fear,

His harp again into his hand he raught,
Tuning accord by judgment of his ear,
His heart's bottom for a sigh he sought;
And therewithal, upon the hollow tree,
With strained voice again thus crieth he.

BEATI, QUORUM REMISSÆ SUNT INIQUITATES.[1]


H! happy are they that have forgiveness got
Of their offence, not by their penitence
As by merit, which recompenseth not;
Although that yet pardon hath not offence
Without the same; but by the goodness
Of Him that hath perfect intelligence
Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness
Of sin within a merciful discharge.
And happy are they that have the wilfulness
Of lust restrain'd afore it went at large,
Provoked by the dread of God's furor;
Whereby they have not on their backs the charge
Of others' faults to suffer the dolor;
For that their fault was never execute
In open sight, example of error.
And happy is he to whom God doth impute
No more his fault, by knowledging his sin:
But cleansed now the Lord doth him repute;
As adder fresh new stripped from his skin:
Nor in his sprite is aught undiscover'd.
I, for because I hid it still within,
Thinking by state in fault to be preferr'd,

[1] Psalm xxxii.

Do find by hiding of my fault my harm;
As he that findeth his health hindered
By secret wound, concealed from the charm
Of leech's cure, that else had had redress;
And feel my bones consume, and wax unfirm
By daily rage, roaring in excess.
Thy heavy hand on me was so increased
Both day and night, and held my heart in press,
With pricking thoughts bereaving me my rest;
That withered is my lustiness away,
As summer heats that have the green oppress'd.
Wherefore I did another way assay,
And sought forthwith to open in thy sight
My fault, my fear, my filthiness, I say,
And not to hide from Thee my great unright.
I shall, quoth I, against myself confess
Unto Thee, Lord, all my sinful plight:
And Thou forthwith didst wash the wickedness
Of mine offence. Of truth right thus it is,
Wherefore they, that have tasted thy goodness,
At me shall take example as of this,
And pray, and seek in time for time of grace.
Then shall the storms and floods of harm him miss,
And him to reach shall never have the space.
Thou art my refuge, and only safeguard
From the troubles that compass me the place
Such joys as he that scapes his enemies ward
With loosed bands, hath in his liberty;
Such is my joy, thou hast to me prepared.
That, as the seaman in his jeopardy
By sudden light perceived hath the port;
So by thy great merciful property
Within thy book thus read I my comfort:

'I shall thee teach, and give understanding,
And point to thee what way thou shalt resort
For thy address, to keep thee from wandering:
Mine eyes shall take the charge to be thy guide:
I ask thereto of thee only this thing,
Be not like horse, or mule, that men do ride,
That not alone doth not his master know,
But for the good thou dost him must be tied,
And bridled lest his guide he bite or throw.'
Oh! diverse are the chastisings of sin
In meat, in drink, in breath, that man doth blow,
In sleep, in watch, in fretting still within:
That never suffer rest unto the mind
Fill'd with offence; that new and new begin
With thousand fears the heart to strain and bind:
But for all this, he that in God doth trust
With mercy shall himself defended find.
Joy and rejoice, I say, you that be just
In Him, that maketh and holdeth you so still;
In Him your glory always set you must,
All ye that be of upright heart and will.

THE AUTHOR.

THIS song ended, David did stint his voice;
And in that while he about with his eye
Did seek the dark cave; with which, without noise,
His silence seemed to argue, and reply:
Upon his peace, this peace that did rejoice
The soul with mercy, that mercy so did call,

And found mercy at plentiful Mercy's hand,
Never denied, but where it was withstand.

As the servant that in his master's face
Finding pardon of his past offence,
Considering his great goodness and his grace,
Glad tears distils, as gladsome recompense:
Right so David seemed in the place
A marble image of singular reverence,
Carved in the rock, with eyes and hand on high
Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

This while a beam that bright sun forth sendeth,
That sun, the which was never cloud could hide,
Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descendeth:
Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,
And such lustre upon the harp extendeth,
As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,
The lome whereof into his eyes did start,
Surprised with joy by penance of the heart.

He then inflamed with far more hot affect
Of God, than he was erst of Batsabè,
His left foot did on the earth erect,
And just thereby remaineth the other knee;
To the left side his weight he doth direct:
For hope of health his harp again taketh he;
His hand, his tune, his mind eke sought this lay,
Which to the Lord with sober voice did say,

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE TUO.[1]

LORD! as I have thee both pray'd, and pray,
(Although in Thee be no alteration,
But that we men, like as ourselves, we say,
Measuring thy justice by our mutation)
Chastise me not, O Lord! in thy furor,
Nor me correct in wrathful castigation
For that thy arrows of fear, of terror,
Of sword, of sickness, of famine, and of fire,
Stick deep in me: I, lo! from mine error,
Am plunged up; as horse out of the mire
With stroke of spur; such is thy hand on me,
That in my flesh, for terror of thy ire,
Is not one point of firm stability;
Nor in my bones there is no steadfastness:
Such is my dread of mutability;
For that I know my frailful wickedness.
For why? my sins above my head are bound,
Like heavy weight, that doth my force oppress;
Under the which I stoop and bow to the ground,
As willow plant haled by violence.
And of my flesh each not well cured wound,
That fester'd is by folly and negligence,
By secret lust hath rankled under skin,
Not duly cured by my penitence.
Perceiving thus the tyranny of sin,
That with his weight hath humbled and depress'd
My pride; by gnawing of the worm within,

[1] Psalm xxxviii.

That never dieth, I live withouten rest.
So are mine entrails infect with fervent sore,
Feeding the harm that hath my wealth oppress'd,
That in my flesh is left no health therefore.
So wondrous great hath been my vexation,
That it hath forced my heart to cry and roar.
O Lord! thou knowest the inward contemplation
Of my desire: thou knowest my sighs and plaints:
Thou knowest the tears of my lamentation
Cannot express my heart's inward restraints.
My heart panteth, my force I feel it quail;
My sight, my eyes, my look decays and faints.
And when mine enemies did me most assail,
My friends most sure, wherein I set most trust,
Mine own virtues, soonest then did fail
And stand apart; reason and wit unjust,
As kin unkind, were farthest gone at need:
So had they place their venom out to thrust,
That sought my death by naughty word and deed.
Their tongues reproach, their wit did fraud apply,
And I, like deaf and dumb, forth my way yede,[1]
Like one that hears not, nor hath to reply
One word again; knowing that from thine hand
These things proceed, and thou, Lord, shalt supply
My trust in that, wherein I stick and stand.
Yet have I had great cause to dread and fear,
That thou wouldst give my foes the over hand;
For in my fall they shewed such pleasant cheer.
And therwithal I alway in the lash
Abide the stroke; and with me every where
I bear my fault, that greatly doth abash
My doleful cheer; for I my fault confess,

[1] Went.

And my desert doth all my comfort dash.
In the mean while mine enemies still increase;
And my provokers hereby do augment,
That without cause to hurt me do not cease:
In evil for good against me they be bent,
And hinder shall my good pursuit of grace.
Lo! now, my God, that seest my whole intent!
My Lord, I am, thou knowest, in what case;
Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.
Haste to my help; haste, Lord, and haste apace,
O Lord! the Lord of all my health alone!

THE AUTHOR.

LIKE as the pilgrim, that in a long way
Fainting for heat, provoked by some wind,
In some fresh shade lieth down at mid of day:
So doth of David the wearied voice and mind
Take breath of sighs, when he had sung this lay,
Under such shade as sorrow hath assign'd:
And as the one still minds his voyage end,
So doth the other to mercy still pretend.

On sonour[1] chords his fingers he extends,
Without hearing or judgment of the sound:
Down from his eyes a stream of tears descends,
Without feeling, that trickle on the ground.
As he that bleeds in vein right so intends
The alter'd senses to that that they are bound.

[1] Sonorous.

But sigh and weep he can none other thing,
And look up still unto the heavens' King.

But who had been without the cavè's mouth
And heard the tears and sighs that him did strain,
He would have sworn there had out of the south
A lukewarm wind brought forth a smoky rain.
But that so close the cave was and uncouth
That none but God was record of his pain,
Else had the wind blown in all Israel's ears
Of their King the woful plaint and tears.

Of which some part when he up supped had,
Like as he, whom his own thought affrays,
He turns his look; him seemeth that the shade
Of his offence again his force assays
By violent despair on him to lade;
Starting like him, whom sudden fear dismays,
His voice he strains, and from his heart out brings
This song, that I note[1] whether he cries or sings.

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.[2]

RUE on me, Lord! for thy goodness and grace,
That of thy nature art so bountiful;
For that goodness, that in the world doth brace
Repugnant natures in quiet wonderful;
And for thy mercies number without end
In heaven and earth perceived so plentiful,

[1] i.e. ne wote, know not. [2] Psalm li.

That over all they do themselves extend;
For those mercies, much more than man can sin,
Do away my sins, that so thy grace offend
Ofttimes again. Wash, wash me well within,
And from my sin, that thus makes me afraid,
Make thou me clean, as aye thy wont hath been.
For unto Thee no number can be laid
For to prescribe remissions of offence
In hearts returned, as thou thyself hast said;
And I beknow my fault, my negligence:
And in my sight my sin is fixed fast,
Thereof to have more perfect penitence.
To Thee alone, to Thee have I trespass'd;
For none can measure my fault but thou alone:
For in thy sight, I have not been aghast
For to offend; judging thy sight as none,
So that my fault were hid from sight of man;
Thy majesty so from my mind was gone.
This know I, and repent; pardon Thou then;
Whereby Thou shalt keep still thy word stable,
Thy justice pure and clean; because that when
I pardoned am, that forthwith justly able
Just I am judged by justice of thy grace.
For I myself, lo! thing most unstable.
Formed in offence, conceived in like case,
Am nought but sin from my nativity.
Be not these said for mine excuse, alas!
But of thy help to shew necessity:
For, lo! Thou lovest truth of the inward heart,
Which yet doth live in my fidelity,
Though I have fallen by frailty overthwart:
For wilful malice led me not the way
So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart.

Wherefore, O Lord! as thou hast done alway,
Teach me the hidden wisdom of thy lore;
Since that my faith doth not yet decay.
And, as the Jews do heal the leper sore,
With hyssop cleanse, cleanse me and I am clean.
Thou shalt me wash, and more than snow therefore
I shall be white, how foul my fault hath been.
Thou of my health shalt gladsome tidings bring,
When from above remission shall be seen
Descend on earth; then shall for joy up spring
The bones, that were before consumed to dust.
Look not, O Lord! upon mine offending,
But do away my deeds that are unjust.
Make a clean heart in the middle of my breast
With spirit upright voided from filthy lust.
From thine eyes cure cast me not in unrest,
Nor take from me thy Spirit of Holiness.
Render to me joy of thy help and rest:
My will confirm with the Spirit of Steadfastness;
And by this shall these godly things ensue,
Sinners I shall into thy ways address;
They shall return to Thee, and thy grace sue.
My tongue shall praise thy justification;
My mouth shall spread thy glorious praises true.
But of thyself, O God! this operation
It must proceed; by purging me from blood,
Among the just that I may have relation:
And of thy lauds for to let out the flood,
Thou must, O Lord! my lips first unloose.
For if thou hadst esteemed pleasant good
The outward deeds, that outward men disclose,
I would have offer'd unto Thee sacrifice:
But thou delightest not in no such glose

Of outward deed, as men dream and devise.
The sacrifice that the Lord liketh most
Is spirit contrite: low heart in humble wise
Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasant host.[1]
Make Sion, Lord, according to thy will
Inward Sion, the Sion of the ghost:
Of heart's Jerusalem strength the walls still:
Then shalt Thou take for good the outward deeds,
As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfil.
Of Thee alone thus all our good proceeds.

THE AUTHOR.

OF deep secrets, that David there did sing,
Of Mercy, of Faith, of Frailty, of Grace;
Of God's goodness, and of Justifying
The greatness did so astonny him apace,
As who might say, Who hath expressed this thing?
I sinner, I, what have I said? alas!
That God's goodness would in my song entreat,
Let me again consider and repeat.

And so he doth, but not expressed by word;
But in his heart he turneth oft and paiseth[2]
Each word, that erst his lips might forth afford:
He pants,[3] he pauseth, he wonders, he praiseth
The Mercy, that hideth of Justice the sword:
The Justice that so his promise complisheth
For his word's sake to worthiless desert,
That gratis his grace to men doth depart.

[1] Sacrifice. [2] Poiseth: he weighs, or ponders. [3] Points.

Here hath he comfort when he doth measure
Measureless mercy to measureless fault,
To prodigal sinners infinite treasure,
Treasure celestial, that never shall default:
Yea! when that sin shall fail, and may not dure,
Mercy shall reign, 'gainst whom shall no assault
Of hell prevail: by whom, lo! at this day
Of Heaven gates Remission is the key.

And when David had pondered well and tried,
And seeth himself not utterly deprived
From light of Grace, that dark of sin did hide,
He findeth his hope much therewith revived;
He dare importune the Lord on every side,
For he knoweth well that to Mercy is ascribed
Respectless labour, importune, cry, and call;
And thus beginneth his song therewithal:

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.[1]

LORD! hear my prayer, and let my cry pass
Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.
Do not from me turn thy merciful face,
Unto myself leaving my government.
In time of trouble and adversity
Incline unto me thine ear and thine intent:
And when I call, help my necessity;
Readily grant the effect of my desire:
These bold demands do please thy Majesty:
And eke my case such haste doth well require.

[1] Psalm cii.

For like as smoke my days are past away,
My bones dried up, as furnace with the fire;
My heart, my mind is wither'd up like hay;
Because I have forgot to take my bread,
My bread of life, the word of Truth, I say.
And for my plaintful sighs and for my dread,
My bones, my strength, my very force of mind
Cleaved to the flesh, and from the spirit were fled,
As desperate thy mercy for to find.
So made I me the solen[1] pelican,
And like the owl, that flieth by proper kind
Light of the day, and hath herself beta'en
To ruin life out of all company,
With waker care, that with this woe began,
Like the sparrow was I solitary,
That sits alone under the houses' eaves.
This while my foes conspired continually,
And did provoke the harm of my disease.
Wherefore like ashes my bread did me savour;
Of thy just word the taste might not me please:
Wherefore my drink I temper'd with liquor
Of weeping tears, that from mine eyes did rain,
Because I knew the wrath of thy furor,
Provoked by right, had of my pride disdain.
For thou didst lift me up to throw me down;
To teach me how to know myself again;
Whereby I knew that helpless I should drown.
My days like shadow decline, and I do cry:
And Thee for ever eternity doth crown;
World without end doth last thy memory.
For this frailty, that yoketh all mankind,
Thou shalt awake, and rue this misery:

[1] Single, alone.

Rue on Sion! Sion, that as I find
Is the people that live under thy law.
For now is time, the time at hand assign'd,
The time so long that thy servants draw
In great desire to see that pleasant day;
Day of redeeming Sion from sin's awe.
For they have ruth to see in such decay
In dust and stones this wretched Sion lower.
Then the Gentiles shall dread thy name alway;
All earthly kings thy glory shall honour,
Then, when thy grace thy Sion thus redeemeth,
When thus Thou hast declared thy mighty power,
The lord his servants wishes so esteemeth
That He him turneth unto the poor's request.
To our descent this to be written seemeth,
Of all comforts as consolation best:
And they, that then shall be regenerate,
Shall praise the Lord therefore, both most and least.
For He hath look'd from the height of his estate,
The Lord from heaven in earth hath look'd on us,
To hear the moan of them that are algate[1]
In foul bondage; to loose, and to discuss
The sons of death out from their deadly bond;
To give thereby occasion glorious
In this Sion his holy name to stand;
And in Jerusalem his lauds, lasting aye,
When in one Church the people of the land
And realms been gather'd to serve, to laud, to pray
The Lord above, so just and merciful.
But to this samble[2] running in the way,
My strength faileth to reach it at the full.
He hath abridged my days, they may not dure

[1] Always. [2] Assembly.

To see that term, that term so wonderful:
Although I have with hearty will, and cure,
Pray'd to the Lord, take me not, Lord, away
In midst of my years: though thine ever sure
Remain eterne, whom time cannot decay.
Thou wrought'st the earth, thy hands the heavens
did make:
They shall perish, and Thou shalt last alway;
And all things age shall wear, and overtake,
Like cloth, and Thou shalt change them like apparel,
Turn, and translate, and thou in wroth it take;
But Thou thyself thyself remainest well
That Thou wast erst, and shalt thy years extend.
Then, since to this there may no thing rebel,
The greatest comfort that I can pretend,
Is, that the children of thy servants dear,
That in thy word are got, shall without end
Before thy face be stablish'd all in fear.

THE AUTHOR.

WHEN David had perceived in his breast
The Spirit of God return, that was exiled;
Because he knew he hath alone express'd
The same great things, that greater Spirit compiled;
As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd,
By music's art forged tofore and filed;
I say when David had perceived this,
The spirit of comfort in him revived is.

For thereupon he maketh argument
Of reconciling unto the Lord's grace;
Although sometime to prophesy have lent
Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.
But our David judgeth in his intent
Himself by penance, clean out of this case,
Whereby he hath remission of offence,
And ginneth to allow his pain and penitence.

But when he weigheth the fault, and recompense,
He damneth this his deed and findeth plain
Atween them two no whit equivalence;
Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain
To bear the name of rightful penitence;
Which is alone the heart returned again,
And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;
And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.

With this he doth defend the sly assault
Of vain allowance of his own desert;
And all the glory of his forgiven fault
To God alone he doth it whole convert;
His own merit he findeth in default:
And whilst he pondereth these things in his heart,
His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,
When he his song again thus did begin.

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.[1]

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep despair,
From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,
From this deep cave of darkness deep repair,
Thee have I called, O Lord, to be my borrow.
Thou in my voice, O Lord, perceive and hear
My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,
My will to rise: and let by grant appear,
That to my voice thine ears do well attend;
No place so far, that to Thee is not near;
No depth so deep, that thou ne mayst extend
Thine ear thereto; hear then my woful plaint:
For, Lord, if thou observe what men offend,
And put thy native mercy in restraint;
If just exaction demand recompense;
Who may endure, O Lord? who shall not faint
At such accompt? so dread, not reverence
Should reign at large. But thou seekest rather love;
For in thy hand is Mercy's residence;
By hope whereof Thou dost our hearts eke move.
I in the Lord have set my confidence:
My soul such trust doth evermore approve:
Thy holy word of eterne excellence,
Thy mercy's promise, that is alway just,
Have been my stay, my pillar, and defence.
My soul in God hath more desirous trust,
Than hath the watchman looking for the day,
For his relief, to quench of sleep the thrust.

[1] Psalm cxxx.

Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway ;
For grace and favour are his property :
Plenteous ransom shall come with him, I say,
And shall redeem all our iniquity.

THE AUTHOR.

THIS word Redeem, that in his mouth did sound,
Did put David, it seemeth unto me,
As in a trance, to stare upon the ground,
And with his thought the height of heaven to see :
Where he beholds the Word that should confound
The word of death, by humility to be
In mortal maid, in mortal habit made,
Eternity in mortal vail to shade.

He seeth that Word, when full ripe time should come,
Do away that vail by fervent affection,
Torn of with death, for Death should have her doom,
And leapeth lighter from such corruption :
The glint[1] of light, that in the air doth lome,
Man redeemeth, death hath her destruction :
That mortal vail hath immortality ;
To David assurance of his iniquity.

Whereby he frames this reason in his heart,
That goodness, which doth not forbear his son

[1] The ray, or beam of light.

From death for me, and can thereby convert
My death to life, my sin to salvation,
Both can and will a smaller grace depart
To him that sueth by humble supplication:
And since I have his larger grace assay'd,
To ask this thing why am I then afraid?

He granteth most to them that most do crave,
And He delights in suit without respect.
Alas! my son pursues me to the grave,
Suffered by God, my sin for to correct.
But of my sin, since I may pardon have,
My son's pursuit shall shortly be reject;
Then will I crave with sured confidence,
And thus beginneth the suit of his pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.[1]

HEAR my prayer, O Lord! hear my request;
Complish my boon; answer to my desire;
Not by desert, but for thine own behest;
In whose firm truth Thou promised mine empire
To stand stable; and after thy justice,
Perform, O Lord, the thing that I require.
But not of Law after the form and guise
To enter judgment with thy thrall bondslave,
To plead his right; for in such manner wise
Before thy sight no man his right shall save.
For of myself, lo! this my righteousness
By scourge, and whip, and pricking spurs, I have
Scant risen up, such is my beastliness:

[1] Psalm cxliii.

For that mine enemy hath pursued my life,
And in the dust hath soiled my lustiness;
To foreign realms, to flee his rage so rife,
He hath me forced; as dead to hide my head.
And for because, within myself at strife,
My heart, and spirit, with all my force, were fled,
I had recourse to times that have been past,
And did remember thy deeds in all my dread,
And did peruse thy works that ever last;
Whereby I know above these wonders all
Thy mercies were. Then lift I up in haste
My hands to Thee; my soul to Thee did call,
Like barren soil, for moisture of thy grace.
Haste to my help, O Lord, afore I fall;
For sure I feel my spirit doth faint apace.
Turn not thy face from me, that I be laid
In count of them that headling down do pass
Into the pit: Shew me betimes thine aid,
For on thy grace I wholly do depend:
And in thy hand since all my health is staid,
Do me to know what way, thou wilt, I bend;
For unto thee I have raised up my mind.
Rid me, O Lord, from them that do entend
My foes to be; for I have me assigned
Alway within thy secret protection.
Teach me thy will, that I by thee may find
The way to work the same in affection:
For thou, my God, thy blessed Spirit upright
In laud of truth shall be my direction.
Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my sprite
Within the right, that I receive by Thee:
Whereby my life of danger shall be quite.

Thou hast fordone the great iniquity,
That vex'd my soul: Thou shalt also confound
My foes, O Lord, for thy benignity;
For thine am I, thy servant aye most bound.

NOLI EMULARI IN MALIGNA.[1]

ALTHO' thou see th'outrageous climb aloft,
Envy not thou his blind prosperity.
The wealth of wretches, tho' it seemeth soft,
Move not thy heart by their felicity.
They shall be found like grass, turn'd into hay,
And as the herbs that wither suddenly.
Stablish thy trust in God: seek right alway,
And on the earth thou shalt inhabit long.
Feed, and increase such hope from day to day;
And if with God thou time thy hearty song,
He shall thee give what so thy heart can lust.
Cast upon God thy will, that rights thy wrong;
Give him the charge, for He upright and just
Hath cure of thee, and eke, of thy cares all;
And He shall make thy truth to be discussed.
Bright as the sun, and thy rightwiseness shall
(The cursèd wealth, though now do it deface)
Shine like the daylight that we the noon call.
Patiently abide the Lord's assurèd grace:
Bear with even mind the trouble that he sends;
Dismay thee not, though thou see the purchase
Increase of some; for such like luck God sends
To wicked folk.

[1] Psalm xxxvii.

Restrain thy mind from wrath that aye offends.
Do way all rage, and see thou do eschew
By their like deed such deeds for to commit;
For wicked folk their overthrow shall rue.
Who patiently abides, and do not flit
They shall possede the world from heir to heir;
The wicked shall of all his wealth be quit
So suddenly, and that without repair,
That all his pomp, and all his strange array
Shall from thine eye depart, as blast of air,
The sober then the world shall wield, I say,
And live in wealth and peace so plentiful.
Him to destroy the wicked shall assay,
And gnash his teeth eke with groaning ireful;
The Lord shall scorn the threatenings of the wretch,
For he doth know the tide is nigh at full
When he shall sink, and no hand shall him seech.
They have unsheathèd eke their bloody bronds,
And bent their bow to prove if they might reach
To overthrow the . . . . . .
Bare of relief the harmless to devour.
The sword shall pierce the heart of such that fonds:
Their bow shall break in their most endeavour.
A little living gotten rightfully
Passeth the riches, and eke the high power
Of that, that wretches have gather'd wickedly.
Perish shall the wicked's posterity,
And God shall 'stablish the just assuredly.
The just man's days the Lord doth know, and see!
Their heritage shall last for evermore,
And of their hope beguil'd they shall not be,
When dismold days shall wrap the other sore.
They shall be full when other faint for food,

Therewhilst shall fail these wicked men therefore.
To God's enemies such end shall be allow'd,
As hath lamb's grease wasting in the fire,
That is consum'd into a smoky cloud.
Borroweth th' unjust without will or desire
To yield again; the just freely doth give,
Where he seeth need: as mercy doth require.
Who will'th him well for right therefore shall leve;
Who banish him shall be rooted away.
His steps shall God direct still and relieve,
And please him shall what life him lust essay;
And though he fall under foot, lie shall not he,
Catching his hand for God shall straight him stay:

. . . . . .

Nor yet his seed foodless seen for to be,
The just to all men merciful hath been;
Busy to do well, therefore his seed, I say,
Shall have abundance alway fresh and green.
Flee ill; do good; that thou may'st last alway,
For God doth love for evermore the upright.
Never his chosen doth he cast away;
For ever he them mindeth day and night;
And wicked seed alway shall waste to nought,
The just shall wield the world as their own right,
And long thereon shall dwell, as they have wrought,
With wisdom shall the wise man's mouth him able;
His tongue shall speak alway even as it ought
With God's learning he hath his heart stable,
His foot therefore from sliding shall be sure!
The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,
And for to slay him doth his busy cure.
But God will not suffer him for to quail;
By tyranny, nor yet by fault unpure,

To be condemn'd in judgment without fail.
Await therefore the coming of the Lord!
Live with his laws in patience to prevail,
And He shall raise thee of thine own accord
Above the earth, in surety to behold
The wicked's death, that thou may it record,
I have well seen the wicked sheen like gold:
Lusty and green as laurel lasting aye,
But even anon and scant his seat was cold
When I have pass'd again the selfsame way;
Where he did reign, he was not to be found:
Vanish'd he was for all his fresh array.
Let uprightness be still thy steadfast ground.
Follow the right; such one shall alway find
Himself in peace and plenty to abound.
All wicked folk reversed shall untwind,
And wretchedness shall be the wicked's end.
Health to the just from God shall be assign'd,
He shall them strength whom trouble should offend.
The Lord shall help I say, and them deliver
From cursed hands, and health unto them send,
For that in Him they set their trust for ever.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER, KNIGHT.

UNDER this stone there lieth at rest
A friendly man, a worthy knight;
Whose heart and mind was ever prest
To favour truth, to further right.

The poor's defence, his neighbour's aid,
Most kind always unto his kin;
That stint all strife, that might be stay'd;
Whose gentle grace great love did win.

A man, that was full earnest set
To serve his prince at all assays:
No sickness could him from it let:
Which was the shortening of his days.

His life was good, he died full well;
The body here, the soul in bliss
With length of words why should I tell,
Or farther shew, that well known is;
Since that the tears of more and less,
Right well declare his worthiness.

Vivit post funera Virtus.

SIR ANTONIE SENTLEGER OF SIR T. WYATT.

THUS lieth the dead, that whilome lived here
Among the dead that quick go on the ground;
Though he be dead, yet doth he quick appear
By immortal fame that death cannot confound
His life for aye, his fame in trump shall sound.
Though he be dead, yet is he thus alive:
No death that life from Wyatt can deprive.

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